

The Dollar



Magazine.

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VOLUME I.

#### OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

Monthly publications were not in fashion, in the time of "gentle Rosalind," else would she, in describing with whom Time gallops, and with whom he halts, have stated his pace with the editor of a monthly. We think the old traveller must have made a steam contract, for certainly it seems only yesterday that we were writing the monthly gossip for February—and now, by our pen, the periodical writer's best watch—it is the middle of March. We can desire no better for our subscribers than that time may pass with them as smoothly as with us. By the way—"speaking of guns"—talking of subscribers, there are some to whom we owe explanation. The first two numbers of the Magazine are exhausted, and we have, in consequence, been unable to fulfil orders commencing subscription with the first number.—New editions of the January and February numbers are, however, in press, and copies will be forwarded as soon as completed, to those who have desired it.

There is a pert anecdote going the rounds, which libels the ladies so outrageously, that we cannot avoid repeating it here. We wish first to stamp our decided disapprobation upon it, and then to use it as "an instance." Once upon a time, says the story, a lady engraved upon glass her determination never to be married. When pressed to wed, and, having, nothing loth, consented, she remembered the inscription, dashed the pane to shivers, and declared that the promise was written on glass, merely to be broken! We do not think that a probable story, at all—or if true, we do not think it should ever be repeated. But it serves our turn, in a manner. We have promised—and the promise of a Dollar is certainly as good as a woman's—not to publish any articles "to be continued."

We break our promise—and why may we not as well as the lady? "When," quo' Benedict, "I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should ever be married." And when the lady with pen of diamond wrote her vow, she did not think the man was born who would ask her hand. And when, gentle reader, we promised to publish no serial articles, we certainly had no fancy that Mr. Willis had written a Novel in Rhyme—else should we, most assuredly, have made that an exception. A novel in rhyme—romance and poetry

—heroines talking in tens and elevens—heroes declaring themselves in metre—who could resist this, merely for the sake of keeping a publisher's promise? Not we, the "town editor," by any manner of means; and if Messrs. the publishers don't like our bolting from the strict line of their promise, they must contrive some way to pack all creation in thirty-two large pages.

Seriously, this exception will not interfere with the general plan of the work, which is to give each number such a completeness as will satisfy the occasional reader. We shall give no continuous story which may be had in the publications of other establishments; and we flatter ourselves that the Lady Jane will prove one of the most attractive features of the Dollar Monthly.

#### OUR ENGRAVINGS.

Accompanying this number of the Magazine the reader finds two engravings extra, over the usual number of pages. One of these, the fashion plate, differs from other plates usually published with magazines, in the fact that it gives the Spring fashions for gentlemen, as well as for ladies. Of the execution and finish of the engravings we do not require to speak, and the manner in which both are printed reflects the highest credit on the skillful workman to whom that part of the business was entrusted.

The other engraving is a series of well executed portraits, grouped in the position in which the gentlemen participating in the ceremonies of the Inauguration of a President of the United States have usually stood, when the imposing ceremony has taken place under the porch of the Capitol. This year there was a scaffolding erected—but as the committee of arrangements did not take the trouble to advise us of their intentions, we caused the design to be drawn according to former usage.

Among the portraits the reader will recognise at once, those of Gen. Harrison and Henry Clay, the former in front of the column in the right of the picture, and the other before the other pillar. At Gen. Harrison's left, with his hand in his bosom, stands Mr. Van Buren, and at the President's right, partially concealed by the column, is Mr. Webster. Chief Justice Taney will at once be recognised by his position, in the act of administering the oath. The figure whose hand is in that of Mr. Clay, is intended for Mr. Wise, of Virginia. There are other portraits in the piece, which we shall leave the reader to detect for himself.

The ceremony of the Inauguration took place upon as clear and pleasant a day as the opening of Spring could furnish. A very great number of strangers were in the city of Washington, from every part of the Union, and as their politics were indicated by the fact of their presence, it may well

be imagined that they made the occasion one of political jubilee. The Inauguration Address was long, and was delivered in a clear and full voice. This, however, is not the place to analyze its contents, or to deliver any opinion upon its doctrines.

President William Henry Harrison, as our readers are probably all aware, completed his sixty-eighth year on the 9th ultimo. He was born at Berkely, an estate on the James River, Virginia, in 1773.

In 1791, he received his commission as Ensign in the United States army, and joined General Anthony Wayne at Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. In 1795, having reached the grade of Lieutenant, he was appointed to the command of Fort Washington. In 1797, he was appointed by the elder Adams Secretary of the North West Territory, and upon the division of that territory, in 1801, he was appointed by Jefferson Governor of the Territory of Indiana. He was appointed by Madison Commander-in-Chief of the Western army, on the outbreak of the last war, and in 1814 resigned his commission, and in 1816 was chosen Representative in Congress, from Ohio—thus a second time entering the body to which, eighteen years before, he had been returned delegate from Indiana. In 1814, he was chosen a United States Senator from Ohio, and during the whole administration of Mr. Munroe, he was either in the State or National Legislature. He was appointed by the younger Adams Minister to Columbia, from which post he was recalled, in the first year of General Jackson's administration. Since that time, until elected to the Presidency of the United States, he has remained in comparative retirement. Upon his assumption of duties so arduous, and responsibilities so great as are now his vocation, the patriotic of all parties unite in invoking Heaven in his favor, for that wisdom, which may tend to the honor, peace, and well being of his country, and to the strengthening of his hand, and the encouragement of his heart, in well doing and wisely ruling.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

## THE LADY JANE.

A NOVEL IN RHYME, BY N. P. WILLIS.

### I.

There was a lady fair, and forty-too,  
There was a youth of scarcely two and twenty.  
The story of their loves is strange, yet true.  
I'll tell it you! Romances are so plenty  
In prose, that you'll be glad of something new.  
And so (in rhyme) for "what the devil meant he!"  
You think he was too young!—but tell me whether  
The bee and humming-bird grow old together!

### II.

Nature, that made the ivy-leaf and lily,  
Not of *one* warp and woof hath made us all!  
Bent goes the careful, and erect the silly,  
And wear and tear make difference—not small;  
And he that hath no money—will-he, nill-he,—  
Is thrust like an old man against the wall!  
Grief out of some the very life-blood washes;  
Some shed it like ducks' backs and "Mackintoshes."

### III.

The Lady Jane was daughter of an Earl—  
Shut from approach like sea-nymph in her shell.  
Never a rude breath stirr'd the floating curl  
Upon her marble temple, and nought fell  
Upon the ear of the patrician girl  
But pride check'd syllables all measured well.  
Her suitors were her father's and not hers—  
So were her debts at "Storr-and-Mortimer's."

### IV.

Her health was lady-like. No blood, in riot,  
Tangled the tracery of her veined cheek,  
Nor seemed her exquisite repose the quiet  
Of one by suffering made sweet and meek.  
She ate and drank, and probably lived by it,  
And liked her cup of tea by no means weak!  
Untroubled by debt, lovers, or affliction,  
Her pulse beat with extremely little friction.

### V.

Yet was there fire within her soft grey eye,  
And room for pressure on her lip of rose;  
And few who saw her gracefully move by,  
Imagined that her feelings slept, or froze.  
You may have seen the cunning florist tie  
A thread about a bud, which never blows,  
But, with shut chalice from the sun and rain,  
Hoards up the morn—and such the Lady Jane.

### VI.

The old Lord had had offers for her hand,  
The which he answered—by his secretary.  
And, doubtless, some were for the lady's land,  
The men being old and valetudinary;  
But there were others who were all unmann'd,  
And fell into a life of wild vagary,  
In their despair. To tell his daughter of it,  
The cold Earl thought, would be but little profit.

### VII.

And so she bloom'd—all fenc'd around with care;  
And none could find a way to win or woo her.  
When visible at home—the Earl was there!  
Abroad—her chaperon stuck closely to her!  
She was a sort of nun in open air,  
Known to but few, and intimate with fewer;  
And, always used to conversation guarded,  
She thought all men talk'd just as her papa did.

### VIII.

Pause while you read, oh, Broadway demoiselle!  
And bless your stars that long before you marry,  
You are a judge of passion pleaded well!  
For you have listened to Tom, Dick, and Harry,  
And, if kind Heaven endow'd you for a belle,  
At least your destiny did not miscarry!  
"You've had your fling"—and now, all wise and steady,  
For matrimony's cares you're cool and ready!

### IX.

And yet the bloom upon the fruit is fair!  
And "ignorance is bliss" in teaching love!  
And guarding lips, when others have been there,  
Is apt uneasy reveries to move!  
I really think mammas should have a care!  
And though of nunneries I disapprove,  
'Tis easier to make blushes hear to reason  
Than to unteach a "Saratoga Season."

### X.

In France, where, it is said, they wiser are,  
Miss may not walk out, even with her cousin;  
And when she is abroad from bolt and bar,  
A well-bred man should be to her quite frozen;



And so at last, like a high-priced attar  
Hermetically seal'd in silk and resin,  
She is delivered safe to him who loves her;  
And then—with whom she will she's hand and glove, Sir!

XI.

I know this does not work well, and that ours  
Are the best wives on earth. They love their spouses,  
Who prize them—as you do centennial flowers,  
For having bloom'd, though not in your green-houses.  
'Tis a bold wooer that dare talk of dowers.

And where I live, the milking of the cows is  
Too rude a task for females! Well. 'Twould hurt you,  
Where women are so priz'd, to sneer at virtue.

XII.

"Free-born Americans," they must have freedom!  
They'll stay—if they have leave to run away.  
They're ministering angels when you need 'em,  
But 'specially want credit in Broadway.  
French wives, are more particular how you feed 'em.  
The English drag you oftener to the play.  
But ours we quite enslave—(more true than funny)—  
With Heav'n born liberty," and *trust*—or money!

XIII.

Upon her *thirtieth* birth-day, Lady Jane  
Thought sadly on the *twenties*! Ev'n the *'teens*,  
That she had said farewell to, without pain—  
Leaves falling from a flower that nothing means—  
Seem'd worth re-gathering to live again;  
But not like Ruth, fares Memory, who gleans  
After the careful Harvester of years:—  
The Lady Jane thought on't with bitter tears!

XIV.

She glided to her mirror. From the air  
Glided to meet her, with its tearful eyes,  
A semblance sad, but beautifully fair;  
And gradually there stole a sweet surprise  
Under her lids, and as she laid the hair  
Back from her snowy brow, Madonna-wise,  
"Time, after all," she said, "a harmless flirt is!"  
And from that hour took kindly to her *thirties*.

XV.

And, with his honors not at all unsteady,  
The Decimal elect slept coolly in;  
And having all his nights and mornings ready,  
He'd very little trouble to begin.  
And *Twenty* was quite popular,—they said he  
Went out of office with so little din!  
The old Earl did not celebrate (nor ought he)  
Her birth-days more. And like a dream came *Forty*.

XVI.

And on the morn of it she stood to dress,  
Mock'd by that flattering semblance, as before,  
And lifted with a smile the raven tress,  
That, darkening her white shoulder, swept the floor.  
Time had not touch'd her dazzling loveliness!  
"Yet is it time," she said, "that I give o'er—  
"I'm an old maid!"—and tho' I suffer by it, I  
"Must change my style and leave off gay society."

XVII.

And so she did. Her maid by her desire  
Comb'd her luxuriant locks behind her ears;  
She had her dresses alter'd to come higher,  
Tho' it dissolv'd the dress-maker in tears!  
And flung a new French hat into the fire,  
Which she had bought, "forgetful of her years."  
This t' anticipate "the world's dread laugh!"  
Most persons think too much of it, by half.

XVIII.

I do not mean to say that generally  
The "virtuous single" take too soon to tea;  
But now and then you find one who could rally  
At forty, and go back to twenty-three—  
A handsome, plump, affectionate "Aunt Sally,"  
With no taste for cats, flannel and Bohea!  
And I would have her, spite of "he or she says,"  
Up heart, and pin her kerchief as she pleases.

XIX.

Some men, 'tis said, prefer a woman fat—  
Lord Byron did. Some like her very spare.  
Some like a lameness. (I have known one that  
Would go quite far enough for your despair,  
And *halt* in time.) Some like them delicate  
As lilies, and with some "the only wear"  
Is one whose sex has spoiled a midshipman.  
Some only like what pleased another man.

XX.

I like one that likes me. But there's a kind  
Of women, very dangerous to poets,  
Whose hearts beat with a truth that seems like mind—  
A nature that, tho' passionate, will show its  
Devotion by not being rash or blind;  
But by sweet study grows to love. And so it's  
Not odd if they are counted cold, tho' handsome,  
And never meet a man who understands 'em.

XXI.

By *never* I mean late in life. But ah!  
How exquisite their love and friendship then!  
Perennial of soul such women are,  
And readers of the hearts of gifted men;  
And as the deep well mourns the hidden star,  
And mirrors the first ray that beams again,  
They—be the lov'd light lost or dimly burning,  
Feel all its clouds, and trust its bright returning.

XXII.

In outward seeming tranquil and subdued,  
Their hearts beneath beat youthfully and fast.  
Time and imprison'd love make not a prude;  
And warm the gift we know to be the last;  
And pure is the devotion that must brood  
Upon your hopes alone—for *her's* are past!  
Trust me, "a rising man" rose seldom higher,  
But some dear, sweet old maid has pull'd the wire.

XXIII.

The Lady Jane, (pray, do not think that her's  
Was quite the character I've drawn above.  
Old maids, like young, have various calibres,  
And her's was moderate, tho' she was "a love.")

The Lady Jane call'd on the Dowagers—

Mainly her slight acquaintance to improve,  
But partly with a docile wish to know  
What solaces of age were *comme il faut*.

XXIV.

They stared at her plain hat and air demure,  
But answered her with some particularity;  
And she was edified you may be sure,  
And added vastly to her popularity.  
She found a dozen mad on furniture,  
Five on embroidery, and none on charity;  
But her last call—the others were but short ones—  
Turn'd out to Lady Jane of some importance.

XXV.

The door was open'd by a Spanish page—  
A handsome lad in green with bullet buttons,  
Who look'd out like a trulian from a cage,  
And deign'd to glance at the tall menial but once,  
Then bent, with earnestness beyond his age,  
His eyes—(you would have liked to see them shut once,  
The fringes were so long—) on Lady Jane.  
The varlet clearly thought her not so plain.

XXVI.

And bounding up the flower-laden stair,  
He waited her ascent, then open flung  
A mirror, clear as 'twere a door of air,  
Which on its silver hinge with music swung—  
Contrived, that never foot should enter there  
Unheralded by that melodious tongue.  
This delicate alarm is worth while  
More 'specially with carpets of three-pile.

XXVII.

Beyond a gallery extended, cool,  
And softly lighted, and, from dome to floor,  
Hung pictures—mostly the Venetian school;  
Each "worth a Jew's eye"—very likely more;  
And drapery, gold-broider'd in Stamboul,  
Closed the extremity in lieu of door.  
This the page lifted, and disclosed to view  
The boudoir of the Countess Pasibleu.

XXVIII.

It was a small pavilion lined with pink,—  
Mirrors and silk all, save the door and sky-light,  
The latter of stain'd glass. (You would not think  
How juvenescent is a rosy high light!)  
Upon the table were seen pen and ink,  
(Two things I cannot say have stood in *my* light)  
Amid a host of trinkets, toys, and fans;  
The table in the style of Louis Quinze.

XXIX.

A singular and fragile little creature  
Upon the cushions indolently lay,  
With waning life in each transparent feature,  
But youth in her bright lips' ethereal play;  
In short, the kind of creature that would meet your  
Conception of a transmigrating fay—  
The dark eyes, not at all worn out or weary,  
Kindling for transfer to some baby Peri!

XXX.

The rest us'd up, past mending. Yet her tones  
Were wildly, deeply, exquisitely clear;  
Tho' voice is not a thing of flesh and bones,  
And probably goes up when they stay here.  
(I do not know how much of Smith and Jones  
Will bear translating to "the better sphere,"  
But ladies, certainly, when they shall climb to 't,  
Will get their dimples back—tho' not the rhyme to 't.)

XXXI.

Her person was dress'd very like her soul—  
In fine material most loosely worn.  
A cobweb cashmere struggled to control  
Ringlets that laugh'd the filmy folds to scorn,  
And, from the shawls in which she nestled, stole  
The smallest slipper ever soil'd or torn.  
You would not guess her age by looking at her,  
Nor, from my sketch, of course. We'll leave that matter.

XXXII.

"My dear!" the Countess said, (by this time she  
Had ceas'd the Weather, poor old man, to hammer—  
He gets it, in these morning calls, *pardie*!  
And Lady Jane had hinted with a stammer  
Her errand—somewhat delicate, you see,)  
"My dear, how very odd! I fear I am a  
"Poor judge of age—(who made that funny bonnet?)  
"Indeed, I always turn'd my back upon it!

XXXIII.

"Time has no business in one's house, my dear!  
"I'm not at home to any of my creditors.  
"They send their nasty bills in, once a year,  
"And Time's are like Mortality's—mere 'dead letters.'  
"Besides, what comfort is there living here,  
"If every stupid hour's to throw Death's head at us?  
("Lend me a pin, dear!) Time at last will stop us,  
"But, come to that—we're free by *habeas corpus*.

XXXIV.

("Fie! what a naughty shawl!—No *exposé*,  
"I trust, love, eh? Hold there, thou virtuous pin!)  
"And so you really have come out to-day  
"To look you up some suitable new sin!"  
"Oh, Countess!" "Did you never write a play?  
"Nor novel? Well, you really should begin!  
"For, (hark, my dear!) the publishers are biters,  
"Not at the book's fine *title*—but the writer's.

XXXV.

"You're half an authoress; for, as my maid says,  
" 'Begun's half done,' and you've your *title* writ.  
"I quote from Colburn, and as what 'the trade' says  
"Is paid for, it is well consider'd wit.  
"Genius, undoubtedly, of many grades is,  
"But as to us, we do not need a bit.  
"Three volumes,' says the bargain, 'not too thin.'  
"You don't suppose I'd throw him genius in!"

[To be continued.]

When all is done, human life is, at the best, like a forward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over. Wickedness may well be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is easier to keep oneself from falling than, having fallen into, to stay oneself from falling infinitely.



From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY G. P. JAMES.

By the Dublin University Magazine for February, we learn that the manuscript of the number of Charles O'Malley for February, was, except about eight pages, destroyed by a late fire in Dublin. In that sad quandary, Lorrequer, alias Laver, writes to James, and annexed is the answer. We publish as we find it, without pretending to vouch for its authenticity—but it is a good story, nevertheless. As an imitation of James, it is a capital one—and to borrow a small Hibernicism, it is an imitation, whether written by James or Laver.

## JAMES' ANSWER.—VOLUME I.

MY DEAR LORREQUER—When I received your note, the sun was shining as brightly as if it had been summer, and on the golden background of the evening sky the thin tracery of the leafless twigs was finely marked, offering many a beautiful form and graceful line, though the foliage of a brighter season had departed. They were like the memories of hopes long passed away; and I could not help thinking, as I read the account of what had befallen, that you, like those bare branches,—though you had lost one crop of leaves in this untimely manner, might very soon produce another as fertile of hope as those which were gone. The news of the burning of the printing-house, and the loss it occasioned you grieved me deeply, but did not surprise me in the least. I have always expected it; for who would doubt that, after you had gone on eating fire so long, fire would sometime or another turn round and eat you. Besides, my dear Lorrequer, there is something so very inflammatory in your nature, that I wonder any printer would let your sheets within his door. No one ever speaks of you without finding ideas of combustion naturally suggest themselves, and the wife of a great general, in describing to me, the other day, a visit you had paid her with a worthy gentleman from Scotland, said, that it was the strangest contrast she had ever seen, for he burned like a portfire, while you went off like a skyrocket. Why, your good and your bad qualities all tend to the same effect, and your very books are enough to make a man call a fire-engine. Warm-hearted though you be, you cannot deny that you are as fiery as a box of lucifers, and have been in a flame of one kind or another all your life; and when we take into consideration your flashing wit, and your blazing style, I cannot but think that the printer who takes in your MS. without warning his neighbours might be indicted for a nuisance. I have a strong notion that you are *Swing* in disguise; so lay the fault upon nobody but yourself.

However, let me see if I can give you some consolation: and, first, in the true style of all comforters, let me try to persuade you, that a great misfortune is the best possible thing that could happen to you. After all is done and over, my good friend, a fire is not so bad a thing. You may say,—“Granted; a small quantity of the element: but that one man have too much of a good thing. That a fire in a grate is a good thing in its way; but a house on fire is to be avoided, when possible.” Still, however, I hold to my text, and reply, that a house on fire is not always so bad a thing as people think. I recollect a very sweet girl being saved from drowning in the middle of the Atlantic by a house on fire. Come, I will tell you the story, and that shall be

## VOLUME II.

There was once a great banker in London, who had a very fine house in Portland Place, and a very dirty old house in the city; and if the latter looked the image of business and riches, the former looked the picture of luxury and display. He himself was a mild man, whose ostentation was of a quiet, but not the less of an active kind. His movements were always calm and tranquil, and his clothes plain; but the former were stately, the latter were in the best fashion.—Holditch was his coachmaker in those days; Ude's first cousin was his cook; his servants walked up stairs to announce a

visitor to the time of the Dead March in Saul, and opened both valves of the folding doors at once with a grace that could only be acquired by long practice. Every thing seemed to move in his house by rule, and nothing was ever seen to go wrong. All the lackeys wore powder, and the women-servants had their caps prescribed to them. His wife was the daughter of a country-gentleman of very old race, a woman of good manners and a warm heart. Though there were two carriages always at her especial command, she sometimes walked on her feet, even in London, and would not suffer an account of her parties to find its way into the “Morning Post.” The banker and his wife had but one child, a daughter, and a very pretty and very sweet girl she was as ever my eyes saw. She was not very tall, though very beautifully formed, and exquisitely graceful. She was, indeed, the least affected person that ever was seen; for, accustomed from her very earliest days to perfect ease in every respect,—denied nothing that was virtuous and right—taught by her mother to estimate high qualities—too much habituated to wealth to regard it as an object—and too frequently brought in contact with rank to estimate it above its value—she had nothing to covet, and nothing to assume. Her face was sweet and thoughtful, though the thoughts were evidently cheerful ones, and her voice was full of melody and gentleness. Her name was Alice Herbert, and she was soon the admired of all admirers. People looked for her at the opera and the park, declared her beautiful, adorable, divine: she became the wonder, the rage, the fashion; and every body added, when they spoke about her, that she would have half a million at the least.—Now, Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men that first presented themselves, because none of them were above the rank of a baron: nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because, she did not wish to part with her daughter; nor was Alice herself—I do not know well why—perhaps she thought that a part of the men who surrounded her were fops, and as many more were libertines, and the rest were fools, and Alice did not feel more inclined to choose out of those three classes than her father did out of the three inferior grades of our nobility. There was, indeed, a young man in the Guards, distantly connected with her mother's family, who was neither fop, libertine, nor fool—a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling, who was often at Mr. Herbert's house, but father, mother, and daughter, all thought him quite out of the question; the father, because he was not a duke; the mother, because he was a soldier; the daughter, because he had never given her the slightest reason to believe that he either admired or loved her. As he had some two thousand a year, he might have been a good match for a clergyman's daughter, but could not pretend to Miss Herbert. Alice certainly liked him better than any man she had ever seen, and once she found his eyes fixed upon her from the other side of a ball room with an expression that made her forget what her partner was saying to her. The color came up into her cheek, too, and that seemed to give Henry Ashton courage to come up and ask her to dance. She danced with him on the following night, too; and Mr. Herbert, who remarked the fact, judged that it would be but right to give Henry Ashton a hint. Two days after, as Alice's father was just about to go out, the young guardsman himself was ushered into his library, and the banker prepared to give his hint, and give it plainly, too. He was saved the trouble, however—for Ashton's first speech was, “I have come to bid you farewell, Mr. Herbert. We are ordered to Canada to put down the evil spirit there. I set out in an hour to take leave of my mother, in Staffordshire, and then embark with all speed.”

Mr. Herbert economised his hint, and wished his young friend all success. “By the way,” he added, “Mrs. Herbert may like to write a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You know he is her only brother: he made a sad business of it; what with building and plating, and farming and such things. So I got him an appointment in Canada just that he might retrieve. She would like to write, I know. You will find her up stairs. I must go out myself. Good fortune attend you.”

“Good fortune did attend him, for he found Alice Herbert alone in the very first room he entered. There was a

table before her, and she was leaning over it, as if very busy, but when Henry Ashton approached her, he found that she had been carelessly drawing wild leaves on a scrap of paper, while her thoughts were far away. She colored when she saw him, and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he repeated what he had told her father. She turned red, and she turned pale, and she sat still, and she said nothing. Henry Ashton became agitated himself. "It is all in vain," he said to himself. "It is all in vain. I know her father too well;" and he rose, asking where he should find her mother.

Alice answered in a faint voice, "in the little room beyond the back drawing room."

Henry paused a moment longer: the temptation was too great to be resisted; he took the sweet girl's hand; he pressed it to his lips, and said, "Farewell, Miss Herbert! farewell! I know I shall never see any one like you again; but, at least it is a blessing to have known you—though it be but to regret that fortune has not favored me still farther! farewell! farewell!"

Henry Ashton sailed for Canada, and saw some service there. He distinguished himself as an officer, and his name was in several despatches. A remnant of the old chivalrous spirit made him often think when he was attacking a fortified village, or charging a body of insurgents, "Alice Herbert will hear of this?" but often, too, he would ask himself, "I wonder if she be married yet?" and his companions used to jest with him upon always looking first at the woman's part of the newspaper; the births, deaths, and marriages.

His fears, if we can venture to call them such, were vain. Alice did not marry, although about a year after Henry Ashton had quitted England, her father descended a little from his high ambition, and hinted that if she thought fit, she might listen to the young Earl of ——. Alice was not inclined to listen, and gave the earl plainly to understand that she was not inclined to become his countess. The earl, however, persevered, and Mr. Herbert now began to add his influence; but Alice was obdurate, and reminded her father of a promise he had made, never to press her marriage with any one. Mr. Herbert seemed more annoyed than Alice expected, walked up and down the room in silence, and on hearing it, shut himself up with Mrs. Herbert for nearly two hours. What took place Alice did not know, but Mrs. Herbert from that moment looked grave and anxious. Mr. Herbert insisted that the earl should be received at the house as a friend, though he urged his daughter no more, and balls and parties succeeded each other so rapidly that the quieter inhabitants of Portland Place, wished the banker and his family, where Alice herself wished to be—in Canada. In the meantime, Alice became alarmed for her mother, whose health was evidently suffering from some cause; but Mrs. Herbert would consult no physician, and her husband seemed never to perceive the state of weakness and depression into which she was sinking. Alice resolved to call the matter to her father's notice, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she rose one day sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing room. There was no answer, and, unclosing the door, she looked in to see if he were already gone. The curtains were still drawn, but through them some of the morning beams, found their way, and by the dim sickly light, Alice beheld an object that made her clasp her hands and tremble violently. Her father's chair before the dressing-table was vacant; but beside it, lay upon the floor, something like the figure of a man asleep.

Alice approached, with her heart beating so violently, that she could hear it; and there was no other sound in the room. She knelt down beside him: it was her father. She could not hear him breathe, and she drew back the curtains. He was as pale as marble, and his eyes were open, but fixed. She uttered not a sound, but with wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking of what she should do. Her mother was in the chamber at the side of the dressing room; but Alice, thoughtful, even in the deepest agitation, feared to call her, and rang the bell for her father's valet. The man came and raised his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently been dead some hours. Poor Alice wept terribly, but still she thought of her mother, and she made no noise,

and the valet was silent too; for, in lifting the dead body to the sofa, he had found a small vial, and was gazing on it intently.

"I had better put this away, Miss Herbert," he said at length, in a low voice; "I had better put this away before any one else comes."

Alice gazed at the vial with her tearful eyes. It was marked "Prussic acid! poison! poison!"

This was but the commencement of many sorrows.—Though the coroner's jury pronounced that Mr. Herbert had died a natural death, yet every one declared he had poisoned himself, especially when it was found that he had died utterly insolvent. That all his last great speculations had failed, and that the news of his absolute beggary had reached him on the night preceding his disease. Then came all the horrors of such circumstances to poor Alice and her mother;—the funeral;—the examination of the papers;—the sale of the house and furniture;—the tiger claws of the law rending open the house in all its dearest associations;—the commiseration of friends;—the taunts and scoffs of those who envied and hated in silence.

Then for poor Alice herself, came the last worst blow, the sickness and death bed of a mother—sickness and death in poverty. The last scene was just over; the earth was just laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert; and Alice sat with her eyes dropping fast, thinking of the sad "What next?" when a letter was given to her, and she saw the hand-writing of her uncle in Canada. She had written to him on her father's death, and now he answered full of tenderness and affection, begging his sister and niece instantly to join him in the new land which he had made his country. All the topics of consolation which philosophy ever discovered or devised to soothe man under the manifold sorrows and cares of life are not worth a blade of rye grass in comparison with one word of true affection. It was the only balm that Alice Herbert's heart could have received; and though it did not heal the wound, it tranquilized its aching.

Mrs. Herbert, though not rich, had not been altogether portionless, and her small fortune was all that Alice now condescended to call her own. There had been, indeed, a considerable jointure, but that Alice renounced from feelings that you will understand. Economy, however, was now a necessity: and after taking a passage in one of the cheapest vessels she could find bound for Quebec,—a vessel that all the world has heard of, named the *St. Lawrence*,—she set out for the good city of Bristol, where she arrived in safety on the 16th day of May, 183—.

I must now, however, turn to the history of Henry Ashton, and that shall be

## VOLUME III.

It was just after the business in Canada was settled, that he entered a room in Quebec, where several of the officers of his regiment were assembled in various occupations—one writing a letter to go by the packet which was just about to sail, two looking out of the window at the nothing which was doing in the streets, and one reading the newspaper. There were three or four other journals on the table, and Ashton took up one of them. As usual, he turned to the record of the three great things in life, and read, first the marriages—then the deaths; and, as he did so, he saw—"Suddenly, at his house in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esquire." The paper did not drop from his hand, although he was much moved and surprised; but his sensations were very mixed, and although, be it said truly, he gave his first thoughts, and they were sorrowful, to the dead, the second were given to Alice Herbert, and he asked himself, "Is it possible that she can ever be mine? She was certainly much agitated when I left her!"

"Here's a bad business!" cried the man who was reading the other newspaper. "The Herberts are all gone to smash, and I had six hundred pounds there. You are in for it, too, Ashton. Look there! They talk of three shillings in the pound."

Henry Ashton took the paper and read the account of all that occurred in London, and then he took his hat, and walked to head quarters. What he said or did there, is nobody's business but his own; but certain it is, that by the beginning of the very next week, he was in the gulf of *St. Lawrence*.—



Fair winds wafted him soon to England; but in St. George's Channel all went contrary, and the ship was knocked about for three days without making much way. A fit of impatience had come upon Henry Ashton, and when he thought of Alice Herbert, and all she must have suffered, his heart beat strangely. One of those little incidents occurred about this time, that make or mar men's destinies. A coasting boat from Swansea to Wiston came within hail, and Ashton, tired of the other vessel, put a portmanteau, a servant, and himself, into the little skimmer of the seas, and was in a few hours landed safely at the pleasant watering-place of Wiston super mare. It wanted yet an hour or two of night, and therefore a post-chaise was soon rolling the young officer, his servant, and his portmanteau towards Bristol, on their way to London. He arrived at a reasonable hour, but yet, some one of the many things that fills inns, had happened in Bristol that day, and Henry drove to the Bush, to the Falcon, and the Fountain, and several others, before he could get a place of rest. At length, he found two comfortable rooms in a small hotel near the port, and had sat down to his supper by a warm fire, when an Irish sailor put his head into the room, and asked if he were the lady that was to go down to the St. Lawrence the next day? Henry Ashton informed him that he was not a lady, and that, as he had just come from the St. Lawrence, he was not going back again, upon which the man withdrew to seek further,

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and Henry Ashton pulled off his boots, and went to bed. At two o'clock he awoke, feeling heated and feverish; and to cool himself, he began to think of Alice Herbert. He found it by no means a good plan, for he felt warmer than before, and soon a suffocating feel came over him, and he thought he smelt a strong smell of burning wood. His bed-room was one of those unfortunate inn bed-rooms that are placed under the immediate care and protection of a sitting-room, which, like a Spanish Duenna, will let nobody in who does not pass by their door. He put on his dressing gown, therefore, and issued out into the sitting-room, and there the smell was stronger: there was a considerable crackling and roaring, which had something alarming in it, and he consequently opened the outer door.—All he could now see was a thick smoke filling the corridor; through which came a red glare from the direction of the staircase; but he heard those sounds of burning wood, which are not to be mistaken, and in a minute after, loud knocking at doors, ringing of bells, and shouts of "Fire! fire!" showed that the calamity had become apparent to the people in the street. He saw all the rushing forth of naked men and women, which generally follows such a catastrophe, and the opening all the doors of the house, as if for the express purpose of blowing the fire into a flame. There were halloosings and shoutings, there were screamings and tears, and what between the rushing sound of the devouring element, and the voice of human suffering or fear, the noise was enough to wake the dead.

Henry Ashton thought of his portmanteau, and wondered where his servant was; but seeing, by a number of people driven back from the great staircase by flames, that there was no time to be lost, he made his way down by a smaller one, and in a minute or two reached the street. The engines by this time had arrived; an immense crowd was gathering together, the terrified tenants of the inn were rushing forth, and in the midst Henry Ashton remarked one young woman wringing her hands, and exclaiming, "Oh, my poor young mistress! my poor young lady!"

"Where is she, my good-girl?" demanded the young soldier.

"In number eleven," cried the girl, "in number eleven! Her bedroom is within the sitting room, and she will never hear the noise."

"There she is," cried one of the by-standers who overheard; "there she is, I dare say."

Ashton looked up towards the house, through the lower windows of which the flames were pouring forth; and across the casement which seemed next to the very room he himself had occupied, he saw the figure of a woman, in her night dress, pass rapidly.

"A ladder," he cried, "a ladder, for God's sake! There is some one there, whoever it be!"

No ladder could be got, and Henry Ashton looked round in vain.

"The back staircase is of stone," he cried; "she may be saved that way!"

"Ay, but the corridor is on fire," said one of the waiters; "you'd better not try, sir; it cannot be done."

Henry Ashton darted away; into the inn; up the staircase; but the corridor was on fire, as the man had said, and the flames rushing up to the very door of the rooms he had lately tenanted. He rushed on, however, recollecting that he had seen a side door out of his own sitting room. He dashed in, caught the handle of the lock of the side door, and shook it violently, for it was fastened.

"I will open it," cried a voice from within, that sounded strangely familiar to his ear.

The lock turned—the door opened—and Henry Ashton and Alice Herbert stood face to face.

"God of Heaven, he exclaimed, catching her in his arms. But he gave no time for explanation, and hurried back with her towards the door of his own room. The corridor, however, was impassable.

"You will be lost! you will be lost!" he exclaimed, holding her to his heart.

"And you have thrown away your own life to save mine!" said Alice.

"I will die with you, at least!" replied Henry Ashton; "that is some consolation.—But, no! thank God, they have got a ladder—they are raising it up—dear girl you are saved!"

He felt Alice lie heavy on his bosom; and when he looked down, whether it was fear, or the effect of the stifling heat, or hearing such words from his lips, he found that she had fainted.

"It is as well," he said; "it is as well! and, as soon as the ladder was raised, he bore her out, holding her firmly yet tenderly to his bosom. There was a death-like stillness below. The ladder shook under his feet; the flames came forth and licked the rounds on which his steps were placed; but steadily, firmly, calmly, the young soldier pursued his way. He bore all that he valued on earth in his arms, and it was no moment to give one thought to fear.

When his last footstep touched the ground, an universal shout burst forth from the crowd, and even reached the ear of Alice herself; but, ere she could recover completely, she was in the comfortable drawing room of a good merchant's house, some way further down the same street.

The St. Lawrence sailed on the following day for Quebec, and, as you well know, went down in the terrible hurricane which swept the Atlantic in the summer of that year, bearing with her to the depths of ocean, every living thing that she had carried out from England. But on the day that she weighed anchor, Alice sat in the drawing room of the merchant's house, with her hand clasped in that of Henry Ashton; and, ere many months were over, the tears for those dear beings she had lost, were chased by happier drops, as she gave her hand to the man she loved with all the depth of first affection, but whom she would never have seen again, had it not been for THE FIRE.

Such, my dear Lorrequer, is the story; and now let us consider what can be done to remedy the burning of your new number. On my honor, I see nothing for it but to publish the "O'Malley Correspondence" on the subject, with a portrait of the fire-engine, and a wood-cut of Fire,

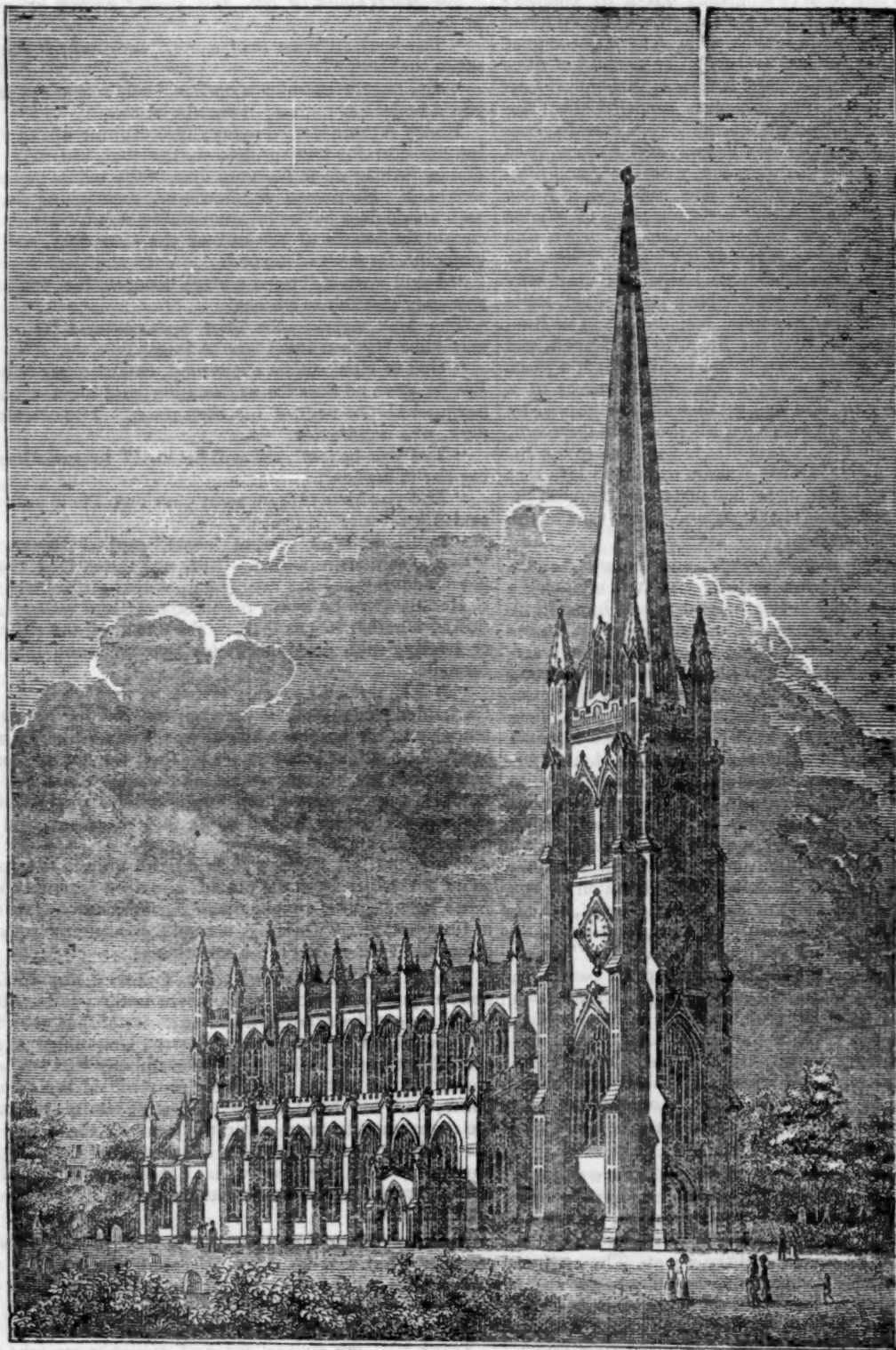
Think of it, my dear fellow, and, whether you take my advice or not, believe me ever yours,

G. P. R. JAMES.

**STORY TELLERS.**—It is a curious circumstance, that blockheads are generally far better story-tellers than clever men. This indeed so often holds true, that when I hear of a person being great at story telling, I am apt to place him in the catalogue of asses.—*Macnish*.—[This may be true as a rule, but there are many very striking exceptions.]

If there be an object truly ridiculous in nature it is an American patriot, signing resolutions of independence with one hand, and with the other brandishing a whip over his affrighted slaves.

Virtue knows no distinction of sex.



TRINITY CHURCH.

The above engraving is a drawing from the plan of Mr. Upjohn, the architect, of Trinity Church, now in progress of erection, on the site of the old building, some time since removed. The style of the building is what is called the perpendicular, or English Gothic.

The proportions of the plan are as follows:

Extreme length, including buttresses,	188	feet	5	inches.
“ width,	84	“	6	“
Height to top of Spire,	264	“	0	“
Square of Tower,	30	“	0	“
Height of Nave, (body of church,)	64	“	0	“

To form an estimate of the height of the spire, the reader may be guided by the fact that the elevation of the spire of St. Paul's is 200 feet; so that Trinity will tower 64 feet above

St. Paul's. The old church was about 103 by 71; and this will cover more than twice as much ground. The interior will present two aisles, divided by rows of columns from the nave or body of the church, corresponding to those on the outside. Richly stained glass will add all the effect to the interior that can thus be produced, and an idea of vastness will be presented by the rows of columns, which will strike the spectator with that awe, which is the proper feeling upon entering a place of worship.

The nave or body of the church will be a “clear story,” or without galleries; and the rows of windows, over the pillars of the aisle, add to the apparent height of the building. The great Western window will again relieve the height, and give the church an appearance of extended area commensurate with its apparent altitude.



## Original Tales in the Vernacular.

## THE PRINCE FAMILY.

A TRUE HISTORY.

BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

I stood for about half an hour before I sat down to write, watching matters and things in the street before our office. Somehow or other since I began to write and, to think, I never see nothing nor nobody, that don't put me directly in mind of a story with a good moral to it. People talk about fiction, and novels, and such. In my way of thinking, truth is sometimes a great sight stranger. I told 'Squire Smith so the other day, and he said to me that I wasn't the first one who had found it out.

Well—about what I saw. Leaning against the post in front of Guttridge's store was a man with a face that looked as if laziness had squat right down on it, and couldn't be shook off. He might have been handsome once, but he is far enough from it now, any way. The true natural color of his face isn't anywhere to be seen. Purple, and rough, and hillocky, his nose cultivated out of all manner of shape, and his eyes kind of stealing their looks at things as if they were ashamed to look up, I do consider him about the ugliest human being that one has any need to set eyes upon.

Along side of him, shrivelled all up, in his Summer clothes, patched and patched, over and again, stood a little boy.—Both of his hands were pushed down into his trowsers as if there was Summer time down in the legs of a pair of overgrown man's boots that somebody has given him, and he was a trying to find it with the ends of his fingers. If I was to set out to paint winter, I never would forget to put a shrivelled up, half froze boy into the picture, for nothing to my notion looks colder; without it is a cat running over fresh snow, and pulling up her foot at every step, as if she had snatched it out of a trap. Well, this boy was a standing there, his head meeched down between his shoulders, and his shoulders hunched up, his face as blue with the cold as the other's was with liquor, and his whole carcass undergoing that kind of a half shake that seems just as if a fellow didn't want to, but couldn't help it. He was a standing there because his father did. It is strange how natural affection will cling to a miserable object—aint it? Now this boy, he looked as wishful as you please, at the nice tidy lads, going by him with their satchels, and their spick span new clothes to school, all warm, and nice, and comfortable. He never thought of blaming his father that he wasn't as well off as the other boys. Others did, though, and Zeke Jones for one. Oh, it is hateful, to see a man lazing and guzzling, and idling, and the wife he has married, and the children he has brought into the world a suffering all but death for it.

Leaning again another post were two more men. It is enough to say that they were fellows that swap horses and watches, and jackknives, and are always on hand for a raffle, or a turkey shooting match. When a man gets into such habits, as his regular profession, you may just as well write Ichabod after his name. His glory is departed, his lesson is spelt, and he has got so nigh down to the foot of the class that it won't cost him any extra trouble to go the rest of the way. So much for those two men—they aint of any parti-

cular note in the story, farther than helping out the picture. Now we'll take up the other subjects.

Shumbling along on a spavined, knock-kneed, wind-broken, rib-showing, hairless old mare, with a tail that looked as if an army of nigger fiddlers had been a plucking it, was mounted the fac simile of the fellow leaning with his son against the post. It aint of no use to describe him, for they are as like as two peas in the same pod. They are brothers—and there is another of the same hopeful lot; but more of him by and by. The horse the man is mounted on belongs to one of them trading fellows, and the rider is showing him off to help a trade, and earn a drink.

Now the store door opens. An old man, who has seen in this world about the eightieth winter, as nigh as I can calculate, comes out. There is some good in old Guttridge, for he gives that old man a niggerhead of tobacco every week, and he comes after it regular. The man that made the hat he has got on, has been laid in Jonesville old burying ground for many a year. If ever you come down to our place, you will see, before Ma'am Saxbury's door, a sort of a one-sided hickory, that's got a hump just where it branches off, that looks as if a limb had been chopped from it—years and years ago. When that tree was a sapling, for a wonder, it branched off in two, at about an inch from the ground. It isn't often that a walnut tree does so—and that old man, who was a young man then, he cut off one branch for a walking stick. The tree has growed and growed, and carried the wound up, and covered it over, and is none the worse for it. The old man carries the same stick, and I guess he never goes by the tree without thinking of it. The tree has been gaining in strength, since then. The old man has been increasing in weakness. The tree is none the worse for its wound—the old man is all the worse for the wounds he has had. His branches had been better cut off, but they have grown to rottenness, and the parent stock feels it. That old man is the father of those two brothers; and the little shivering boy is the chilled grandchild of a chilled grand parent. While the old man is standing and looking with his gummy eyes at his progeny; and while he feels that the cold without is nothing to the cold within, which won't let his heart warm up at his own children, I'm going just to take a step back, and give you the whole particulars of his history.

Jotham Prince was out in a good piece of the old war, for he went into it when he was fifteen, and staid in it till the end—between five and six years. He was born here on the spot, and except the time he was in the army, he has always lived here. He wasn't a man of small account in his young days, I can tell you, wretched as he looks now, with his grey hairs a begging for him. He was, at the close of the war, what may be called independently rich, for those days, and if he was proud too, it wasn't to be wondered at. He came of a good stock; and when his widowed mother fitted her only boy out for the camp, she did it with a whole heart. She never begrudged him to his country; and she was only sorry that heaven had given her no more sons to send to the same good service. If his mother was proud too, that wasn't to be wondered at neither.

They hadn't any bell in Jonesville when the peace was declared, and for the matter of that, I ain't sure that Jonesville was Jonesville then. One thing I am sure off—

and that is that our spot of land has been here ever since creation, under an Indian name or some other; and that's about as much antiquity as you can claim for New York.—There was a pretty considerable sprinkling of people here too, when peace was declared, and if they couldn't ring bells, they could have bonfires and illuminations; and I reckon they did.

Madam Prince, she'd been all over her house. She'd stuck her last fork into her last piece of candle up again the sash—and Ellen Jones (she was some kind of a twenty-fifth grand aunt of mine,) she'd been a helping her. Ellen, according to all tell, was young, and pretty as she was young too. If she wa'n't pretty, all I can say is, that the Jones stock has improved wonderfully since her time. "Now," said Madam Prince, "we're all fixed."

Ellen, she only fetched a sigh.

Madam Prince turned round quick. "Why, child," says she "you can't be tired. You've only held the light, and I've stuck up all the candles,—and you haven't got the light to hold any more, for I've put up the last one. Well, I declare, there's nothing left now for me to sigh for—peace declared, and the Hessians gone, and the red coats give in, and all!"

Ellen looked as if she had something to hope for.

"Well I declare" said Madam—"you look as if the mother that bore Jotham Prince couldn't feel as much desire to see him as you do. Why child, there's no more killing, and no more burning, and no more danger. Jotham will be here before we look for him, I warrant." And the old lady caught Ellen in her arms, and in the fullness of her joy she kissed and hugged her, just as if she'd been her own child. Nell kissed back, and when she lifted her head, she caught a kiss on t'other cheek that wasn't quite so velvety as the pursings of the old lady's mouth. Jotham had a mortal stiff beard, and there wa'n't many Italian barbers in the Yankee camp in those times.

The creature had crept in tiptoe, so sly that his coming was unbeknown to Ellen or Madam Prince. "You good for nothing boy," says she, "to kiss the girls before you do your mother!"—and she up and boxed his ears—but I reckon there wasn't a great deal of anger in it.

"Why Ellen stood the handiest," says Jotham, says he, "and besides I can kiss you any time. I must catch Ellen by a coody main," says he, "and you see I haven't been in the army for nothing."

"No, I guess not," says his mother, kissing him herself, "and there won't be a woman safe in the township with such goings on. But come," says she, "you must be hungry."

Wasn't there joy and gladness over that plain supper? Jotham he laid in for three shares; for Ellen was so tickled, and his mother was so glad, they couldn't eat. And there wasn't a thing in the house that the old lady didn't bring out. First she would fuss and get one thing, and then she would fuss and bring something else, and then ask Jotham if he wouldn't like something, and when he told her yes, she'd say how sorry she was she hadn't got it for him. She stuck to Jotham as long as she could in any decency, and then at two in the morning, she went off to bed, and left him and Ellen to finish their evening. To make a long story short, in about three weeks they were married.

There never was a couple that seemed to marry happier; and there never was a prouder woman than Grandmother

Prince, when she first took the baby into her hands, that has since grown up into the loafer a standing over to Guttridge's, again the post. Another came along, in due sime, and another, and the old lady didn't know whether she was tickledest with one or the other. A little girl was the last, and they called her Ellen. Her grandmother was fairly bound up in her, and so was every body else. She was just five years younger than my mother, or would be now, if she'd a lived.

Ellen was such a pet, and she looked so like her mother, that nothing would do, but her picture must be painted. Mother has got that and some other things that belonged to the family, and if Ellen was any thing like the picture, I can't wonder that folks thought her handsome. She was just like a child,—just like a child, and just like a little woman, too—every little limb in just the right proportion to the rest, and her body as straight as an arrow. Deep blue eyes looked as if they would be black if they could, and her little rosy cheeks were matched by lips as rosy and as perfect as wax-work. Her limbs were plump but not too fat; and she trotted round, fairly mistress of every body, and of her grandmother in particular. Ellen took sick, and as if to mock the love of her parents for the beautiful, she died before death in his coming had touched a feature with disease. It did seem like an opening bud, cut off and put beneath the ground, before its life was dried up, or its freshness was withered. The father and mother took on as if they had lost their all—and if their boys had died, they would have felt just as much. God, who knows all things, knew then that if he had taken all the children, the parents would have suffered less in the long run; and yet we, poor ignorant creatures, don't hesitate to speak of God's Providence, as if he'd done us a great wrong, when he inflicts his merciful bereavements.

It did seem as if when Ellen died she left her childish spirit, in all its weakness, to her parents. They forgot Solomon's warning—they spared the rod, and they spoiled the other children. If ever the father undertook to correct one of the boys, the grandmother kept a telling him to remember poor little Ellen that was dead and gone, and how he would feel, if one of his children should die, and he should remember that he had ever whipped him—just as if it was anything a good father ever had to regret that he had properly punished his children. Many a one has to weep that he did not properly punish them, and none, I guess, more bitterly bemoans that same thing, than poor old Prince.

Ellen, the mother, she sided with the grandmother, and between two weak women, Mr. Prince lost all government over his children, just as much as if they had been none of his. That wasn't the worst of it, neither. The mother and the grandmother, they conceived that John, the youngest boy, was the picture of little Ellen, and so they just transferred to him all the mistaken fondness they had shown to little Ellen. It wouldn't have hurt her so much as it did him; for when there is only one girl, or one boy among several children, it stands to reason that the odd one should have certain little favors and exceptions on account of the difference in sex. The rest of the children don't mind it a bit. Ellen's brothers, if she'd a lived, would have said "oh, she's a girl," when they found her picked out for extras, and might have wished they had been born girls too—and there would have been the end of it.

But you pick out one boy or one girl to coax, out of three



or four, and it's a different story, and a good deal worse one, too. You feel a kind of a sneaking knowledge that you ain't doing justly right. You try to hide it from the rest—you learn the favorite to eat goodies in a corner, and you manage to get the others out of the way while you coax and coddle up the favorite. The natural consequence of this is that you learn the favorite to be sly—and you might just as well exercise him in picking pockets. The next thing is, you learn the others to hate him, and thirdly and lastly, you make natural born enemies of those who ought, by rights, to be natural born friends. If the fair thing had been done by Jacob, Joseph would never have been sold into Egypt, and that's as true as the Gospel.

Johnny must have a college education; not that he had better abilities than his brothers, but because he looked so much like poor little Ellen that was dead and gone. Johnny must not be exposed to any kind of hardships, or scolded at, or corrected, because he looked like his poor sister, and she was dead, and he might die some day. So to academy and to college John went, and would come home and play the gentleman in his fine clothes, while Ben and Dick minded the farm. The boys would come in of a night, and sit round the fire to hear their granny wonder whether Johnny got the last bundle safe, and why he did not write; and to hear their father and mother talk, and plan, and pinch themselves to keep Johnny in money, while they were no more counted than if their noses belonged to another collection altogether. Out doors and in doors, it was nothing but Johnny, and there was not wanting a good-natured friend here and there who took good care to keep them in mind of what they felt keen enough before.

By and by Grandmother died, and it was found that all the old lady had of her own, that she had been able to keep out of Johnny's hands while she lived, she left to him when she died. This did not improve the brotherly feeling at all—and Dick and Ben they became more obstreperous than ever. The father, he had to let them follow their own heads—and the more they brought him into trouble by their misdeeds, the more he and his wife threw Johnny at them. So they lived, until the three grew up to be young men. Benjamin and Richard took leave of home with their freedom suits, and earned their living, after a fashion. John opened a law office at the nearest large town. He might have starved for all his practice, but his foolish mother and father did not let him.

In the winter of 1823, it was dreadful sickly in Jonesville. There wasn't a family that didn't lose one of its members and some more. Mrs. Prince was one of the first victims. Mr. Prince tended her bedside with all the kindness of Jotham Prince of '83; and when the boys came home, and stood round their mother's death bed who could keep up an old family quarrel? They spoke kindly to each other for the first time for years. The dying mother she saw it, and her eyes lighted up, and her pale face seemed all joy. She put hand in hand, and there they stood—the whole four round her bedside. "Jotham!" she whispered—"do you remember the illumination?" The father sobbed as if his heart would break, and the mother's face seemed again vacant. It seemed as if her soul had taken leave of her face, and gone back to review the pleasant scenes of life, before she left it. By and by, as she looked round the bed again, she beckoned

them all nearer. "Jotham!"—she whispered, "that was peace after seven years war—this is peace—joy—glory—after a longer quarrel—Lord Jesus receive my spirit!"—Earth was closed to the dying mother forever.

The now reconciled brothers could not belie their mother's dying hopes. Death softens the heart; and if you could have heard the three talk and exchange their confessions and experiences, you'd a thought that they couldn't be quick enough to heal their old breach. The father he was delighted and it seemed to his grateful heart as if God had remembered mercy, and was making him whole for his former sufferings. When the last rites were attended to, and the mother had been laid in the grave beside her darling Ellen, there were tears of real grief shed by the brothers as they separated. Richard and Benjamin went to their homes—John remained with his father.

It wasn't many days, before sympathy with his dead wife, and sorrow for her departure, laid the heart-broken widower on the same bed. But he was ready to die contented. He had seen a fuller measure of joy on earth than he had, a few short weeks before, dared to hope for. When Father Williams prayed at the funeral that the death of the mother might be sanctified to the father and the children, Mr. Prince looked upon his children with his brimming eyes, just as much as to say, "It is sanctified. He did feel that the reconciliation of the brothers was God's mercy, and he almost felt that the death of the mother purchased such a boon cheaply. He only wanted to die, to rejoin the wife in Heaven, and to tell her that the brethren, born of them, were left on earth "dwelling together in unity," as brothers ought to, and as good brothers do.

It has always seemed to me a kind of strange that people in general have such a dread of making their wills. It seems as if they thought it was something that would hurry them out of the world. But when a man is ready to die, like Mr. Prince, he feels as if he could not be in too much haste to put his house in order. He called his son John, the son of his age, to his bedside; he dictated a will in which he bequeathed a father's blessing, and an equal share of his estate to his three sons; he signed, sealed, and had the document filled away. He then sent for his children, and like a patriarch who has done all his duty, and squared up all his obligations in one world, he prepared himself for another.

Richard and Benjamin did not let the grass grow under their feet, in answering the call, I can tell you; and when they got there, better news was waiting for them, than they expected. The fever had turned, and their father was getting up, faster than he had got down. He was just as glad to see them, as though he had been dying; for any body knows that has been at the gate of the valley of the shadow of death, that however well he might have made up his mind to go in, it does not cost him a bit of trouble to alter his mind and make it up to go back. The three brothers were just as cordial and as friendly as they were before—to all appearing; and the father insisted that they should stay just as long with him alive, as they would have staid to bury him.

"Now," says the father says he, the next day after they all come, "I've left you equal shares, share and share alike, in my will," says he. "I'm going to keep it now again I do die, but there's some good advice in it that you may have

the benefit of just as well, while I live. You must take it all in earnest," says he, "for its just what a dying man would have said to you, if he had a died, and just what he will say to you when he does die." John begged his father not to fatigue himself, but when Jotham Prince was sot on a thing, there was no whoa, so he made them bring him the sealed packet, and broke it open himself.

"Let's see," says the father, "in what kind of grammar John has put what I told him." So he read off the preamble, and according to all tell, it was very well put together, and it made the testator (as we call 'em in law) talk like a book, about brotherly kindness, and such, and compliment the boys up to the nines, for not quarrelling and fighting like cats and dogs. "Very well done," says the father, says he. "Very well done, John," says he. "You didn't go to college for nothing." But John had slipped out.

"Oh, he's a modest young man," says the father. "He knew I'd flatter him, and John never could bear flattery.—Now, boys, I'm agoing to show you how fair I am." So he began to read again, a nation of long words about heirs, assigns, messuages, heriditauments, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to have and to hold, that whereas, and so forth, and so forth—just such stuff as Squire Smith makes me plough through every day of my life. Pretty soon he got again a stump. He stared, and Benjamin and Richard they stared, for the plain English of the whole was, that with the mighty fine flourish at the head, the will tapered off like a tadpole, with no tail at all, to his beloved sons. The cunning serpent, while he was making believe so good—the favorite boy that his father and mother had learned to be sly, had given a hundred dollars apiece to Benjamin and Richard, and all the rest to "my beloved son John!"—and he'd read it off to his father, and made him sign it, as if it was all done just as the old man wished it, and according to Gunter.

Wasn't here a blow up! John, he's never been seen in Jonesville since that day; and the last that was ever heard of him, he was in jail somewhere off South, for stealing niggers. I guess you'll allow that a man who would do what he did wouldn't stop very far short of doing any thing. As for the poor father, it broke him right down, and he came a great deal nearer dying the second time than he did before, and poor man, not with half so much willingness, neither. He'd got such a dash of bitter in his cup as sugar won't take out; and every thing that has happened to the poor old gentleman since, has been of the same taste.

First and foremost, when he got about, he declared he would fix things so that he could not be imposed upon again. He went to work and settled up all his debts, and put what property he had left, clear of all demands. Then he deeded it all, right out to Richard and Benjamin; and told them that what he had saved so long for them, they must now save, and support him. Richard brought his wife right home to the old farm house, and Benjamin came to live with them. For about six months, as near as I can remember, every thing went first rate. Then the poor old father began to be one too many in the house; and after that was the case, it didn't take him long to find it out. The next time you read or hear King Lear, do you remember that there have been just such cases, on a little smaller scale in New England: for there always were some fathers just so eternal foolish.

First, the poor old dog was in the way, and was put out,

for all the poor old men's begging and pleading for him.—Then Ben, who was a sort of a horse-swappper, put off an old horse that Mr. Prince sot nigh as much upon, as the apple of his eye. Then Dick did something, and then Ben something, and then Dick's wife, who was an uppish body, she caught the ugly from the others, and Mr. Prince was sure to find the dinner something he did not like; or if it was something he liked, he got the worst part of it, and scant at that. If he made any complaint, he got hard words and worse fare; and take it altogether, he was treated just like a body who was living when he had no business to, just to plague people.

To cap the whole, about four years ago, Dick and Ben they quarreled; and quarreled about the house too, which justly belonged to the old man. If the house was uncomfortable before, it was a perfect hell upon earth now. There wasn't a meal eat without a spat and a wrangle, and the meals themselves began to be mighty short pickings. There never was'n't plenty of any thing in the house, but rum, and the brothers would even fight for the seat at the head of the table, and for the best slices in the scanty platter. One day Dick up with his knife, and cut Ben's hand almost to the bone for helping himself first,—and the poor old man had to be by and see all such things, or starve.

This sort of doings could not last forever; and to escape a sale by the Sheriff, the brothers had to sell the farm; subject to what the advertisement called "an incumbrance." That incumbrance was the support of poor old Jotham Prince, in his own house; for if the sons hadn't made some kind of a provision for the old man, folks would have nigh about killed them. Now he creeps about, to hear people guess in his hearing whether he is likely to live long or not, and whether he will die early enough to make the purchase of his house a good bargain, or whether he will last so long as to take all the profit off. If he sees his children, it is in some such sort of a fix as he watches them now; and if he goes to what was his home and his mother's before him, he goes to eat the crumbs that fall from the table, and to sleep in the unfinished attic, where his mother's negro woman used to sleep when he was a boy, and on the same old flock.—Halloa—there's a muss over by Guttridge's, and I'll stop writing.

I've been over. I didn't expect to make a final return of poor old Prince to-day, but I must. He is arrested by Death, and will soon be committed where no habeas corpus but the body snatchers' can reach him—and that shan't happen, if I watch the grave myself.

As I wrote at the beginning of this long story, Benjamin Prince was showing off a horse. He has ridden one and another, for a knot of jockies, and had a drink each time, till for a lark, they gave him a colt he was too drunk to handle. His poor old father crept to his side—the father's affection still lasting—his brutal brother joined in the laugh of the crowd at a father's feeble anxiety. The old man caught Benjamin by the stirrup—his cane touched the horse's breast, the animal maddened by the teasing of a drunkard on his back, and a dotard at his side, reared and plunged. The poor old fellow has been carried home with a fractured skull, never to go abroad again till he goes on his bier. His scanty white hair looks scantier still, stuck down to his tem-



ples, with his poor old thin blood; and his face is just as livid and as white as this sheet of paper. Well—he's at rest now, and he'll never know in this world what hurt him.

JONESVILLE, February, 1841.

P. S. Faany and I are determined never to make more of one child than another, if we have twenty.

Form the Dublin University Magazine.

### MEMORY.

When backward, through departed years  
On memory's wing we stray,  
How oft we find but founts of tears  
Along the wasted way!  
The heart will vainly seek the light  
That rested there before,  
And sadly turn to mourn the blight  
Of all it loved of yore!

We watch for footsteps that have come  
To breathe the twilight vow,  
We listen—for the silver tone  
Of voices—silent now!  
We gaze on old familiar things,  
And marvel that they bear  
No gladness to our spirit's wings  
Like what of old was there!  
Even thus, when through departed years,  
On memory's wing we stray,  
We find, alas! but founts of tears  
Along the wasted way.

From the Irish Penny Journal.

### BOB PENTLAND, OR THE GAUGER OUTWITTED.

BY WM. CARLETON.

That the Irish are a ready-witted people, is a fact to the truth of which testimony has been amply borne both by their friends and enemies. Many causes might be brought forward to account for this questionable gift, if it were our intention to be philosophical; but as the matter has been so generally conceded, it would be but a waste of logic to prove to the world that which the world cares not about, beyond the mere fact that it is so. On this or any other topic one illustration is worth twenty arguments, and, accordingly, instead of broaching a theory we shall relate a story.

Behind the hill or rather the mountain of Altnaveenan lies one of those deep and almost precipitous vallies, on which the practised eye of an illicit distiller would dwell with delight, as a topography not likely to be invaded by the unhallowed feet of the gauger and his red-coats. In point of fact, the spot we speak of was from its peculiarly isolated situation nearly invisible, unless to such as came very close to it. Being so completely hemmed in and concealed by the round and singular projections of the mountain hills, you could never dream of its existence at all, until you came upon the very verge of the little precipitous gorge which led into it.—This advantage of position was not, however, its only one. It is true indeed that the moment you had entered it, all possibility of its being applied to the purposes of distillation at once vanished, and you consequently could not help exclaiming, "what a pity that so safe and beautiful a nook should have not a single spot on which to erect a still-house, or rather on which to raise a sufficient stream of water to the elevation necessary for the process of distilling." If a gauger actually came to the little chasm, and cast his scrutinizing eye over it, he would immediately perceive that the erection of a private still in such a place was a piece of folly not generally to be found in the plans of those who have recourse to such practices.

This absence, however, of the requisite conveniences was only apparent, not real. To the right, about one hundred

yards above the entrance to it, ran a ledge of rocks, some 50 feet high, or so. Along their lower brows, near the ground, grew thick matted masses of long heath, which covered the entrance to a cave about as large and as high as an ordinary farm-house. Through a series of small fissures in the rocks which formed its roof, descended a stream of clear soft water, precisely in body and volume such as was actually required by the distiller; but, unless by lifting up this mass of heath, no human being could for a moment imagine that there existed any such grotto, or so unexpected and easy an entrance to it. Here there was a private still-house made by the hand of nature herself, such as no art or ingenuity of man could equal.

Now it so happened that about the period we write of, there lived in our parish two individuals so antithetical to each other in their pursuits of life, that we question whether throughout all the instinctive antipathies of nature we could find any two animals more destructive of each other than the two we mean—to wit, Bob Pentland the gauger, and little George Steen the illicit distiller. Pentland was an old, staunch, well-trained fellow, of about fifty years or more, steady and sure, and with all the characteristic points of the high-bred gauger about him. He was a tallish man, thin but lathy, with a hooked nose that could scent the tread of a distiller with the keenness of a slow-hound—his dark eye was deep-set, circumspect, and roguish in its expression, and his shaggy brow seemed always to be engaged in calculating whereabouts his inveterate foe, little George Steen, that eternally blinked him, when almost in his very fangs, might then be distilling. To be brief, Pentland was proverbial for his sagacity and adroitness in detecting distillers, and little George was equally proverbial for having always baffled him, and that, too, sometimes under circumstances where escape seemed hopeless.

The incidents which we are about to detail occurred at that period of time when the collective wisdom of our legislators thought it advisable to impose a fine upon the whole townland in which the still-head and worm might be found; thus opening a door for knavery and fraud, and, as it proved in most cases, rendering the innocent as liable to suffer for an offence they never contemplated, as the guilty who planned and perpetrated it. The consequence of such a law was, that still-houses were always certain to be erected either at the very verge of the neighboring districts, or as near them as the circumstances of convenience and situation would permit. The moment of course that the hue-and-cry of the gauger and his myrmidons was heard upon the wind, the whole apparatus was immediately heaved over the mering to the next townland, from which the fine imposed by parliament, was necessarily raised, whilst the crafty and unoffending district actually escaped. The state of society generated by such a blundering and barbarous statute as this, was dreadful. In the course of a short time, reprisals, law-suits, battles, murders, and massacres, multiplied to such an extent throughout the whole country, that the sapient senators who occasioned such commotion were compelled to repeal their own act as soon as they found how it worked. Necessity, together with being the mother of invention, is also the cause of many an accidental discovery. Pentland had been so frequently defeated by little George, that he vowed never to rest until he had secured him; and George on the other hand frequently told him—for they were otherwise on the best terms—that he defied him, or as he himself more quaintly expressed it, "that he defied the devil, the world, and Bob Pentland." The latter, however, was a very sore thorn in his side, and drove him from place to place, and from one haunt to another, until he began to despair of being able any longer to outwit him, or to find within the parish any spot at all suitable for distillation with which Pentland was not acquainted. In this state stood matters between them, when George fortunately discovered at the hip of Altnaveenan hill the natural grotto we have just sketched so briefly. Now, George was a man, as we have already hinted, of great fertility of resources; but there existed in the same parish another distiller who outstripped him in that far-sighted cunning which is so necessary in misleading or circumventing

such a sharp-scented old hound as Pentland. This was little Mickey M'Quade, a short-necked squat little fellow with bow legs, who might be said rather to creep in his motion than to walk. George and Mickey were intimate friends, independently of their joint antipathy against the gauger, and, truth to tell, much of the mortification and many of the defeats which Pentland experienced at George's hands, were, *sub rosa*, to be attributed to Mickey. George was a distiller from none of the motives which generally actuate others of that class. He was in truth an analytic philosopher—a natural chemist never out of some new experiment—and we have reason to think might have been the Kane or Faraday or Dalton of his day, had he only received a scientific education. Not so honest Mickey, who never troubled his head about an experiment, but only thought of making a good running, and defeating the gauger. The first thing of course that George did, was to consult Mickey, and both accordingly took a walk up to the scene of their future operations. On examining it, and fully perceiving its advantages, it might well be said that the look of exultation and triumph which passed between them was not unworthy of their respective characters.

"This will do," said George. "Eh—don't you think we'll put our finger in Pentland's eye yet?" Mickey spat sagaciously over his beard, and after a second glance gave one grave grin which spoke volumes. "It'll do," said he; "but there's one point to be got over that maybe you didn't think of; an' you know that half a blink, half a point, is enough for Pentland."

"What is it?"

"What do you intend to do with the smoke when the fire's lit? There'll be no keepin' that down. Let but Pentland see as much smoke risin' as would come out of an ould woman's dudeen, an' he'd have us."

George started, and it was clear by the vexation and disappointment which were visible to his brow that unless this untoward circumstance could be managed, their whole plan was deranged, and the cave of no value.

"What's to be done?" he inquired of his cooler companion. "If we can't get over this, we may bid good bye to it."

"Never mind," said Mickey. "I'll manage it, and do Pentland still." "Ay, but how?"

"It's no matter. Let us not lose a minute in settin' to work. Lave the other thing to me; an' if I don't account for the smoke without discoverin' the entrance to the still, I'll give you lave to crop the ears off my head."

George knew the cool but steady self-confidence for which Mickey was remarkable, and accordingly, without any further interrogatory, they both proceeded to follow up their plan of operations.

In those times when distillation might be truly considered as almost universal, it was customary for farmers to build their out-houses with secret chambers and other requisite partitions necessary for carrying it on. Several of them had private stores built between false walls, the entrance to which was only known to a few, and many of them had what were called *Malt-steeps* sunk in hidden recesses and hollow gables, for the purpose of steeping the barley, and afterwards of turning and airing it, until it was sufficiently hard to be kiln-dried and ground. From the mill it was usually conveyed to the still-house, upon what were termed *Slipes*, a kind of car that was made without wheels, in order the more easily to pass through morasses and bogs which no wheeled vehicle could encounter.

In the course of a month or so, George and Mickey, aided by their friends, had all the apparatus of keeve, hogshead, &c., together with still-head and worm, set up and in full work.

"And now, Mickey," inquired his companion, "how will you manage about the smoke? for you know that the two worst informers against a private distiller, barrin' a stag, is a smoke by day an' a fire by night."

"I know that," replied Mickey; "an' a rousin' smoke we'll have, for fraid a little puff wouldn't do us. Come, now, and I'll show you."

They both ascended to the top, where Mickey had closed all the open fissures of the room with the exception of that

which was directly over the fire of the still. This was at best not more than six inches in breadth and about twelve long. Over it he placed a piece of strong plate iron perforated with holes, and on this he had a fire of turf, beside which sat a little boy who acted as a vidette. The thing was simple but effective. Clamps of turf were at every side of them, and the boy was instructed, if the gauger, whom he well knew, ever appeared, to heap on fresh fuel, so as to increase the smoke in such a manner as to induce him to suppose that all he saw of it proceeded merely from the fire before him. In fact, the smoke from the cave below was so completely identified with and lost in that which was emitted from the fire above, that no human being could penetrate the mystery, if not made previously acquainted with it. The writer of this saw it during the hottest process of distillation, and failed to make the discovery, although told that the still-house was within a circle of three hundred yards, the point he stood on being considered the centre. On more than one occasion has he absconded from home, and spent a whole night in the place, seized with that indescribable fascination which such a scene holds forth to youngsters, as well as from his irrepressible anxiety to hear the old stories and legends with the recital of which they generally pass the night.

In this way, well provided against the gauger—indeed much better than our readers are yet aware of, as they shall understand by and bye—did George, Mickey, and their friends, proceed for the greater part of the winter without a single visit from Pentland. Several successful runnings had come off, which had of course turned out highly profitable, and they were just now preparing to commence their last, not only for the season, but the last they should ever work together, as George was making preparations to go early in the spring to America. Even this running was going on to their satisfaction, and the singlings had been thrown again into the still, from the worm of which projected the strong medicinal *first shot* as the doubling commenced—this last term meaning the spirit in its pure and finished state. On this occasion the two worthies were more than ordinarily anxious, and certainly doubled their usual precautions against a surprise, for they knew that Pentland's visits resembled the pounces of a hawk or the springs of a tiger more than any thing else to which they could compare them. In this they were not disappointed. When the doubling was about half finished, he made his appearance, attended by a strong party of reluctant soldiers—for indeed it is due to the military to state that they never took delight in harassing the country people at the command of a keg-hunter, as they generally nicknamed the gauger. It had been arranged that the vidette at the iron plate should whistle a particular tune the moment that the gauger or a red-coat, or in fact any person whom he did not know, should appear. Accordingly, about eight o'clock in the morning they heard the little fellow in his highest key whistling up that well-known and very significant old Irish air called "Go to the devil an' shake yourself"—which in this case was applied to the gauger in any thing but an allegorical sense.

"Be the pins," which was George's usual oath, "be the pins, Mickey, it's over with us—Pentland's here, for there's the sign."

Mickey paused for a moment and listened very gravely; then squirting out a tobacco spittle, "Take it aisy," said he; "I have half a dozen fires about the hills, any one as like this as your right hand is to your left. I didn't spare trouble, for I knew that if we'd get over this day, we'd be out of his power."

"Well, my good lad," said Pentland, addressing the vidette, "what's this fire for?"

"What is it for, is it?"

"Yes; if you don't let me know instantly, I'll blow your brains out, and get you hanged and transported afterwards!" This he said with a thundering voice, cocking a large horse pistol at the same time.

"Why, sir," said the boy, "it's watchin' a still I am; but be the hole o' my coat if you tell upon me, it's broilin' upon these coals I'll be soon."



"Where is the still then? An' the still house, where is it?"

"Oh, begorra, as to where the still or still house is, they wouldn't tell me that."

"Why, sirra, didn't you say this moment you were watching a still?"

"I meant, sir," replied the lad with a face that spoke of pure idiocy, "that it was the gauge; I was watchin', an' I was to whistle upon my fingers to let the boy at that fire on the hill there above know that he was comin'."

"Who told you to do so?"

"Little George, sir, an' Mickey M'Quade."

"Ay, ay, right enough there, my lad—two of the most notorious schemers unhanged they are both. But now, like a good boy, tell me the truth, an' I'll give you the price of a pair of shoes. Do you know where the still or still-house is? Because if you do, an' won't tell me, here are the soldiers at hand to make a prisoner of you, an' if they do, all the world can't prevent you from being hanged, drawn, and quartered."

"Oh, bad cess may seize the morsel o' me knows that but if you'll give me the money, sir, I'll tell you who can bring you to it, for he told me yestherday mornin' that he knew, an' offered to bring me there last night, if I'd steal him a bottle that my mother keeps the holy water in at home, tal he'd put whiskey in it."

"Well, my lad, who is this boy?"

"Do you know Harry Neil, or Mankind, sir?"

"I do, my good boy."

"Well, it's a son of his, sir; an' look, sir: do you see the smoke farthest up to the right, sir?"

"To the right? Yes."

"Well, 'tis there, sir, that Darby Neil is watchin'; and he says he knows."

"How long have you been watching here?"

"This is only the third day, sir, for me; but the rest, them boys above, has been here a good while."

"Have you seen nobody stirring about the hills since you came?"

"Only once, sir, yesterday, I seen two men having an empty sack or two, runnin' across the hill there above."

At this moment the military came up, for he had himself run forward in advance of them, and he repeated the substance of his conversation with our friend the vidette. Upon examining the stolidity of his countenance, in which there certainly was a woful deficiency of meaning, they agreed among themselves that his appearance justified the truth of the story which he told the gauger, and upon being still further interrogated, they were confirmed that none but a stupid lout like himself would entrust to his keeping any secret worth knowing. They now separated themselves into as many detached parties as there were fires burning on the hills about them, the gauger himself resolving to make for that which Darby Neil had in his keeping, for he could not help thinking that the vidette's story was too natural to be false. They were just in the act of separating themselves to pursue their different routes, when the lad said,

"Look, sir! look, sir! bad scran be from me but there's a still any way. Sure I often seen a still: that's jist like the one that Philip Hogan the tinker, mended in George Steen's barn."

"Hollo, boys," exclaimed Pentland, "stoop! stoop! they are coming this way, and don't see us: no, hang them, no! they have discovered us now, and are off towards Mossfield. By Jove this will be a bitter trick if they succeed; confound them, they are bent for Ballagh, which is my own property; and may I be hanged if we do not intercept them, but it is I myself who will have to pay the fine."

The pursuit instantly commenced with a speed and vigor equal to the ingenuity of this singular act of retaliation on the gauger. Pentland himself being long-winded from much practice in this way, and being further stimulated by the prospective loss which he dreaded, made as beautiful a run of it as any man of his years could do. It was all in vain, however. He merely got far enough to see the still head and worm heaved across the march ditch into his own property, and to reflect after seeing it that he was certain to have the

double consolation of being made a standing joke of for life, and of paying heavily for the jest out of his own pocket. In the mean time, he was bound of course to seize the still, and report the capture; and as he himself farmed the townland in question, the fine was levied to the last shilling, upon the very natural principle that if he had been sufficiently active and vigilant, no man would have attempted to set up a still so convenient to his own residence and property.

This manoeuvre of keeping in reserve an old or second set of apparatus, for the purpose of acting the lapwing and misleading the gauger, was afterwards often practised with success; but the first discoverer of it was undoubtedly Mickey M'Quade, although the honor of the discovery is attributed to his friend George Steen. The matter, however, did not actually end here, for in a few days afterwards some malicious wag—in other words, George himself—had correct information sent to Pentland touching the locality of the cavern and the secret of its entrance. On this occasion the latter brought a larger military party than usual along with him, but it was only to make him feel that he stood in a position if possible more ridiculous than the first. He found indeed the marks of recent distillation in the place, but nothing else. Every vessel and implement connected with the process had been removed, with the exception of one bottle of whisky, to which was attached by a bit of twine the following friendly note:

"MR. PENTLAND, SIR—Take this bottle home and drink your own health. You can't do less. It was distilled under your nose the first day you came to look for us, and bottled for you while you were speaking to the little boy that made a hare of you. Being distilled then under your nose, let it be drunk in the same place, and don't forget while doing so to drink the health of  
G. S."

The incident went abroad like wildfire, and was known everywhere. Indeed for a long time it was the standing topic of the parish; and so sharply was it felt by Pentland that he could never keep his temper if asked, "Mr. Pentland, when did you see little George Steen?" a question to which he was never known to give a civil reply.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

### AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Far within the charmed circle,  
Of a fairy-haunted grove,  
Where but Elfin songs are chanted,  
And but Elfin footsteps move.  
I would ever dwell and dream  
Near the music of a stream,  
Wearing morn and night away,  
In such quiet company!

On a starbeam's golden pavement,  
Wandering up the lonely sky—  
Where no sound might break the silence,  
But dim spirits rushing by—  
List'ning—from the rainbow's rim,  
Angels at their evening hymn—  
I would wear in sweet decay,  
Year, on happy year, away!

CHINESE OPINION OF THE ENGLISH.—A singular fancy obtains among the Chinese, which is, that though the English have greatly the advantage over them at sea fighting, the reverse must be the case on land. Possibly there may soon be occasion to undeceive them; but this notion has probably gained ground from their knowing the English only as a sea-faring nation, and they may possibly class them with the Dutch, of whom they were convinced that they had no *terra firma* of their own, but were a sea-born nation. When the Dutch Embassy in 1665-6 was at Pekin the mandarins were astonished to hear them speak as possessing a country, and, disbelieving the assertion of the Ambassador, asked the missionaries then residing at Court concerning them, who allowed that the Dutch were then really in possession of a country, which, however, of right belonged to the King of Spain.—*Canton Register*.

ENGLISH COMIC GRAMMAR.

OF VERBS.

The nature of Verbs in general, and that in all languages, is, that they are the most difficult things in the Grammar.

Verbs are divided into Active, Passive, and Neuter; and also into Regular, Irregular, and Defective. To these divisions we beg to add another; Verbs Comic.

A Verb Active implies an agent, and an object acted upon—as, to love, "I love Wilhelmina Stubbs." Here, I am the agent; that is, the lover; and Wilhelmina Stubbs is the object or the beloved object.

A Verb Passive expresses the suffering, feeling, or undergoing of something; and therefore implies an object acted upon, and an agent by which it is acted upon; as, to be loved—"Wilhelmina Stubbs is loved by me."

A Verb Neuter expresses neither action nor passion, but a state of being; as, I bounce, I lie.



"Fact, Madam!"  
"Gracious, Mr. Mackenzie!"

Of Verbs, Regular, Irregular, and Defective, we shall have somewhat to say hereafter.

Verbs Comic, are, for the most part, verbs which cannot be found in the dictionary.

Under the head of Verbs Comic, the Yankeeisms, I "calculate," I "reckon," I "realise," I "guess," and the like, may also be properly enumerated.

Auxiliary, or helping Verbs (by the way, we marvel that the Americans do not call their servants auxiliaries instead of helps,) are those, by the help of which we are chiefly enabled to conjugate our verbs in English. They are, do, be, have, shall, will, may, can, with their variations; and let and must, which have no variation.

Let, however, when it is *anything but* a helping verb, as, for instance, when it signifies to hinder, makes lettest and letteth. The phrase, "This House to Let," generally used instead of "to be let," meaning, in fact, the reverse of what it is intended to convey, is really a piece of comic English.

To verbs belong Number, Person, Mood and Tense.—These may be called the properties of a verb; and like those of opium, they are soporiferous properties. There are two very important objects which the writer of every book has, or ought to have in view, to get a reader who is wide awake, and to keep him so:—the latter of which, when Number,

Person, Mood, and Tense are to be treated of, is no such easy matter; seeing that the said writer is then in some danger of going to sleep himself. Never mind. If we nod, let the reader wink. What can't be cured must be endured.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF AN ARTIST.

BY S. A. MOUNT.

During an excursion into the interior of Pennsylvania, I had occasion to make a short sojourn at the delightful valley of Wyoming—a place, from its stirring incidents with the old French war, celebrated in our own and trans-Atlantic story. Who, that has read the beautiful poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming," does not feel a deep interest at the mention of the very name? Albeit, some poetical liberties have been taken by the author of that production, in the description of the spot, yet travellers and historians concur in representing it as one of the happiest of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an unpropitious hour, however, the junction of Europeans with the Indians converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Campbell apostrophises it in the following manner:

"Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies  
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do  
But feed their flocks in green declivities,  
Or skim, perchance, thy lake with light canoe,  
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,—  
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown  
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;  
And aye those sunny mountains half way down,  
Would echo flageolet, from some romantic town."

Pennsylvania, generally, is attractive to an artist; but the scenes in the vicinity of Wyoming, situated on the banks of the "still gliding" Susquehanna, cause a still deeper feeling of enthusiasm. My object in visiting the spot, was to study nature in her secret haunts; and no place in this fair creation offers more allurements to her votaries than this.

I had been only a short time at Wyoming, and had become snugly situated at my lodgings, and duly prepared for rambling, when I formed an acquaintance with the family of a revolutionary veteran, named Col. F——. He had signalized himself in the wars, and had subsequently prepared for publication a history of the eventful struggle, so far as related to the vicinity of Wyoming. At present, however, he was suffering under the effects of paralysis, accompanied with frequent returns of mental aberration. His family were under the apprehension that he was fast passing away, and being desirous of preserving some memento of him, had solicited me to attempt his portrait. I was told I must expect to obtain it with much difficulty and patience, owing to the prostration of his mental and physical capacities. I hesitated; and it was owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, and the urgent solicitations of the family, that I at last consented to commence the task.

Accordingly, on the following morning, I repaired to the Colonel's house, professionally equipped, with every thing necessary to the accomplishment of the design. I was conducted to the door of his apartment; and here commenced one of the most extraordinary scenes I ever experienced.—Here I was surprised to hear frequent cries of "Murder!" On entering the room, I beheld the hoary-headed veteran, stretched upon his couch, with both his hands elevated, and his eyes keenly fixed on me. At his feet, sat an old companion in arms—named Moore. This individual, probably from constant association, was the only person who had been able to preserve the least control over the Colonel. I advanced as coolly as possible, to the middle of the room, and sat my easel upon the floor, when the invalid again commenced his cries of "Murder! Murder! Murder! Moore! Moore!" upon which the following hurried dialogue com-



menced, with a degree of familiarity on Moore's part, warranted by their long companionship.

"Hallo! Colonel, what's the matter?"

"Don't that fellow mean to kill me?"

"No, no, Colonel, he won't touch you."

"You lie!—he means to murder me."

"I tell you he don't, Colonel."

"Who is he, Moore?—a Doctor?"

To humor his vagaries, Moore told him I was.

"Come this way, Doctor, I want to speak to you. Moore, don't let him kill me!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Colonel."

"Doctor, am I dying?"

"No, no, Colonel; let me feel your pulse," I added.

"Have you been sent here to kill me, Doctor?"

"No, Colonel; I have come here to paint your portrait."

"Then, you don't mean to kill me, Doctor?"

"Confound your nonsense, you old coward," interrupted Moore; "what do you suppose he wants to kill you for—he has come to paint your portrait!"

"Don't murder me; for God's sake, Doctor; don't murder me!"

Moore now took hold of the Colonel's throat, affecting to choke him, while the Colonel, with his long arms, commenced pounding his assailant's cranium, at the same time exclaiming.

"Moore is killing me! Moore is killing me! Take him off, Doctor!"

I was about interfering in favor of the Colonel, when Moore turned partly round, and whispered me to be silent, and he would soon quiet the old man, which to my surprise he accomplished in a few moments. The Colonel became exhausted in consequence of this struggle, and conceived himself dying. At his request the family were called to his bed side, to receive his farewell blessing. He was bolstered up, and commenced a pathetic harangue to the members of his family. The indifference manifested by all present somewhat surprised me at first; but I was soon led to account for it, when the Colonel, suddenly starting up in bed, exclaimed vehemently "Moore! Moore! I am hungry! I am hungry! Where is the Doctor? where is the Doctor?" This abrupt termination gave a rather ludicrous effect to the scene; and the family seeing his life was in no immediate danger, withdrew, and I approached the Colonel.

"Doctor," asked he, "are you a Tory?"

"I am not, Colonel."

"What the d—l are you then?"

"I am an Artist, and with your permission, will paint your portrait."

"Do you hate a Tory—Doctor?"

"I do, Colonel."

"That's right—that's right. Moore—you and the Doctor help me up."

We threw a cloak over him, and seated him by a small table near the window. Food was brought him, and Moore ministered to his wants. It would require the pencil of a Hogarth, or the pen of Shakspeare, to depict adequately the effect which this scene wrought upon me. In silence I regarded the two old veterans, recounting in their second childhood the recollections of the past—

"Boasting aloud of scars they proudly wore,  
And grieved to think their day of battle o'er."

Thinking I should have no better opportunity of effecting the object of my visit, I proposed making a sketch of the Colonel, to which he readily assented, seeming pleased at the idea. The table was removed. I arranged my light and easel, and commenced my labors. My subject remained quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly threw himself back in his chair, parted the bosom of his shirt, and displayed to my gaze a deep wound in his heart.

"Do you see that?" he exclaimed, his countenance beaming with enthusiasm.

"I do, Colonel."

"I received that wound in fighting for your liberty, my boy. I want you to paint it in my picture. Yes—Doctor," he exclaimed, "I got it in the glorious cause of my country

—the country I love with my heart and soul;" and the old man, unable to restrain himself, in the weakness of age and disease, burst into tears. I was sensibly affected; so was Moore, who remarked—"all he tells you is true, sir." In a few moments the Colonel resumed his former position, and I continued my task. It was not long before another incident occurred. I observed his countenance grow fiercer and fiercer in its expression, until, with his mouth partly open, his eyes glared upon me with the look of a demon. Cautiously hitching his chair near where I sat, he suddenly gave a kick, and my easel and canvass lay prostrate on the floor. Alarmed at this demonstration of hostility, I started back, and in so doing, involuntarily raised my maul stick. The Colonel regarded this movement on my part as a declaration of war, and threw himself in an attitude of defence, at the same time exclaiming—

"Come on, you infernal; you have been trying long enough to murder me. Stand by me, Moore!"

"Pardon me, Colonel."

"I'll never pardon you," interrupted the Colonel; "you are an infernal coward. Isn't he, Moore?"

"No, he is not; and if you don't behave yourself, he'll whip you yet, as you deserve."

"You lie, Moore. I can flog you and the Doctor both," said the Colonel, squaring off at Moore, when a pugilistic encounter commenced between the two old soldiers.

I examined my picture, and found it uninjured, but concluded to finish it at a more respectful distance.

After the combatants had finished their battle, Moore persuaded the Colonel to get into bed, which he had no sooner done than he commenced a narrative connected with his military exploits, dwelling with particular interest on that part relating to the battle of Wyoming, a history of which he was preparing before his illness: Moore, venturing to dissent from some remark he had made, the Colonel became exasperated, and called upon me for a pistol. I handed him my maul stick. He raised it, and supporting himself with his left arm, took deliberate aim with it at Moore, who was standing at the foot of the bed brandishing a boot-jack.

"Doctor," whispered the Colonel to me, with a look of surprise, "why don't he fall? I have fired six bullets into him."

"Try again, Colonel—it will require more than six of your bullets to despatch him."

He again presented, and Moore fell. There was a pause of some minutes, during which not a sound was heard. The Colonel kept his eyes vacantly fixed on the place where his victim had disappeared. At length he turned to me, and with a bewildered look asked—

"Where am I, Doctor?"

"In your bed, sir."

"Have I killed my friend?"

"I believe you have, Colonel."

"Will they hang me, Doctor?"

"Oh no! you have killed him in self-defence."

"I am sorry I have done it," continued the Colonel, in a tone of sadness; "he was a good old man. Why did you tell me to shoot? He was always kind to me."

Moore now rose up, and exhibited himself to his friend in a perfectly sound condition. The Colonel was delighted to see him safe; and a lasting treaty of peace was here made between the belligerent parties.

The knowledge which I had already gained of the Colonel's face enabled me to finish the portrait to the satisfaction of his friends; a sketch of which is now in my portfolio.—Whenever I look upon it, I am forcibly reminded of the noble form of the worthy old officer, and his companion Moore. A late visit to the romantic valley of Wyoming afforded me the melancholy information that both my old friends now "lay like warriors taking their rest" on the beautiful bank of the Susquehanna.

The weather is not a safe topic of discourse; your company may be hippish; nor is health—your associate may be a malade imaginaire; nor is money—you may be suspected as a borrower.

## THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

BY WM. MOTHERWELL.

A steede! a steede of matchlesse speede,  
 A sword of metal keene!  
 All else to noble hearts is drosse,  
 All else on earth is meane.  
 The neighinge of the war-horse prowde,  
 The rowlinge of the drum,  
 The clangour of the trumpet lowde,  
 Be soundes from heaven that come.  
 And oh! the thundering presse of knightes,  
 When as their war cryes swell,  
 May tole from heaven an angel bright  
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte, then mounte, brave gallants, all,  
 And don your helmes amaine:  
 Death's courtiers, Fame and Honour, call  
 Us to the field againe.  
 No shrewish tear shall fill an eye  
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand—  
 Heart whole we'll part and no whit sighs  
 For the fayrest of the land;  
 Let piping swaine and craven wight,  
 Thus weep and feeling crye,  
 Our business is like men to fight  
 And hero-like to die!

From the Dublin Penny Journal.

## THE THREE RINGS.

AN EASTERN TALE.

In the reign of the Sultan Sal-ad-Deen there lived in the city of Damascus a Jew called Nathaniel, who was pre-eminently distinguished among his fellow citizens for his wisdom, his liberality of mind, the goodness of his disposition, and the urbanity of his manners, so that he had acquired the esteem even of those among the Mooslemin who were accounted the strictest adherents to the exclusive tenets of the Mahommedan creed. From being generally talked of by the common people, he came gradually to attract the notice of the higher classes, until the sultan himself, hearing so much of the man, became curious to learn how it was that so excellent and intelligent a person could reconcile it with his conscience to live and die in the errors of Judaism. With the view of satisfying himself on the subject, he at length resolved on condescending to a personal interview with the Jew, and accordingly one day ordered him to be summoned before him.

The Jew, in obedience to the imperial mandate, presented himself at the palace gates, and was forthwith ushered, amid guards and slaves innumerable, into the presence of the august Sal-ad-Deen, Light of the World, Protector of the Universe, and Keeper of the Portals of Paradise; who, however, being graciously determined that the lightning of his glances should not annihilate the Israelite, had caused his face to be covered on the occasion with a magnificent veil, through the golden gauze-work of which he could carry on at his ease his own examination of his visitor's features.

"Men talk highly of thee, Nathaniel," said the sultan, after he had commanded the Jew to seat himself on the carpet; "they praise thy virtue, thy integrity, thy understanding, beyond those of the sons of Adam. Yet thou professest a false religion, and showest no sign of a disposition to embrace the true one. How is this obstinacy of thine reconcilable with the wisdom and moderation for which the true believers give thee credit?"

"If I profess a false religion, your highness," returned the Jew modestly, "it is because I have never been able to distinguish infallibly between false religion and true. I adhere to the faith of my fathers."

"The idolaters do so no less than thou," said Sal-ad-Deen, "but their blindness is wilful, and so is thine. Dost thou mean to say that all religions are upon the same level in the sight of the God of Truth?"

"Not so assuredly," answered Nathaniel; "Truth is

but one; and there can be but one true religion. That is a simple and obvious axiom, the correctness of which I have never sought to controvert."

"Spoken like a wise man!" cried the sultan;—"that is," he added, "if the religion to which thou alludest be Islamism, as it must be of course. Come: I know thou art favorably inclined towards the truth; thou hast an honest countenance; declare openly the conviction at which thou must have long since arrived, that they who believe in the Koran are the sole inheritors of Paradise. Is not that thy unhesitating persuasion?"

"Will your highness pardon me," said the Jew, "if, instead of answering you directly, I narrate to you a parable bearing upon this subject, and leave you to draw from it such inferences as may please you?"

"I am satisfied to hear thee," said the Sultan after a pause; "only let there be no sophistry in the argument of thy narrative. Make the story short also, for I hate long tales about nothing."

The Jew, thus licensed, began:—"May it please your highness," said he, "there lived in Asyria, in one of the ages of old, a certain man who had received from a venerated hand a beautiful and valuable ring, the stone of which was an opal, and sparkled in the sun-light with ever varying hues. This ring, moreover, was a talisman, and had the secret power of rendering him who wore it with a sincere desire of benefitting by it, acceptable and amiable in the eyes of both God and man. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the owner continually wore it during his lifetime, never taking it off his finger for an instant, or that, when dying, he should adopt precautions to secure it to his lineal descendants forever. He bequeathed it accordingly to the most beloved of his sons, ordaining that by him it should be again bequeathed to the dearest of his offspring, and so down from generation to generation, no one having a claim in right of priority of birth, but preference being given to the favorite son, who, by virtue of the ring, should rule unconstrained as lord of the house and head of the family. Your highness listens?"

"I listen: I understand: proceed," said the Sultan.

The Jew resumed;—"Well: from son to son this ring at length descended to a father who had three sons, all of them alike remarkable for their goodness of disposition, all equally prompt in anticipating his wishes, all equally loving and virtuous, and between whom, therefore, he found it difficult to make any distinction in the paternal affection he bore them. Sometimes he thought the eldest the most deserving; anon his predilections varied in favor of the second; and by and by his heart was drawn towards the youngest—in short, he could make no choice. What added to his embarrassment was, that, yielding to a good-natured weakness, he had privately promised each of the youths to leave the ring to him, and him only; and how to keep his promise, he did not know. Matters, however, went on smoothly enough for a season; but at last death approached, and the worthy father became painfully perplexed. What was to be done? Loving his sons as he did, all alike, could he inflict so bitter a disappointment upon two of them as the loss of the ring would certainly prove to them? He was unable to bear the reflection. After long pondering, a plan occurred to him, the anticipated good effects of which would, he trusted, more than compensate for the deceit connected with it. He sent secretly for a clever jeweller; and, showing him the ring, he desired him to make two other rings, on the same model, and to spare neither pains nor cost to render the three exactly alike. The jeweller promised, and kept his promise; the rings were finished, and in so perfect a manner that even the father's eye could not distinguish between them as far as mere external appearance went. Overjoyed beyond expression at this unlooked-for consummation of his wishes, he summoned his three sons in succession into his presence, and from his death-bed bestowed upon each, apart from the other two, his last blessing and one of the rings; after which, being at his own desire left once more alone, he resigned his spirit tranquility into the hands of its eternal Author. Is your Highness attentive?"

"I am," said Sal-ad-Deen, "but to very little purpose, it would seem. Make an end of thy story quickly, that I may see the drift of it."

"It is soon ended, most powerful sultan," said Nathaniel,



"for all that remains to be told is what doubtless your highness already half conjectures—the result, namely, of this good-natured deception. Scarce was the old man laid in his grave, when each of the sons produced his ring, and claimed the right of being sole master and lord of the house. Questions, wranglings, complaints, accusations, succeeded—all to no end, however; for the difficulty of discovering which was the true ring was as great then as that of discovering which is the true faith now."

"How!" interrupted the sultan indignantly, "this to me? Dost thou tell me that the faith of the Meoslemin is not acknowledged by all right-thinking persons to be the true one?"

"May it please your highness," said the Jew, calmly, "I am here at your own command, and I answer your questions according to the best of my poor ability. If the allegory I relate be objectionable, it is for the sultan to find fault with it alone, and not with the reflections which it must necessarily suggest."

"And dost thou mean, then, that thy paltry tale shall serve as a full answer to my query?" demanded Sal-ad-Deen.

"No, your highness," said Nathaniel, "but I would have it serve as my apology for not giving such an answer. The father of these youths caused the three rings to be made expressly that no examination might be able to detect any dissimilarity between them; and I will venture to assert, that not even the Sublimest of Mankind, the Sultan Sal-ad Deen himself, could, unless by accident, have placed his hand on the true one."

"Thou triflest with me, Nathaniel," said the sultan; "a ring is not a religion. There are, it is true, many modes of worship on the earth: but has not Islamism always remained a distinct system of faith from the false creeds? Look at its dogmas, its ceremonies, the modes of prayer, the habits, yea, the very food and raiment of its professors! What sayest thou of these?"

"Simply," returned the Jew, "that none of them are proofs of the truth of Islamism. Nay, be not wroth with me, your highness, for what I say of your religion I say equally of all others. There is one true religion, as there was one true ring in my parable; but you must have perceived that all men are not alike capable of discovering the truth by their own unassisted efforts, and that a certain degree of trust in the good faith of others as teachers, is therefore essential to the reception of religious belief at all. In whom, then, I would ask, is it most natural for us to place our trust? Surely in our own people—in those of whose blood we are—who have been about us from our childhood, and given us unnumbered proofs of love—and who have never been guilty of intentionally practising deception upon us. How can I ask of you to abandon the prepossessions of your fathers before you, and in which, true or false, you have been nurtured? Or how can you expect, that in order to yield to your teachers the praise belonging solely to the truth, I should virtually declare my ancestors fools or hypocrites?"

"Sophistical declamation!" said the sultan, "which will avail thee little on the Judgment Day. Is thy parable ended?"

"In point of instruction it is," replied Nathaniel, "but I shall briefly relate the conclusion to which the disputes among the brothers conducted. When they found agreement impossible, they mutually cited one another before the tribunal of the law. Each of them solemnly swore that he had received a ring immediately from his father's hand—as was the fact—after having obtained his father's promise to bestow it on him, as was also the fact. Each of them indignantly repudiated the supposition that such a father could have deceived him; and each declared, that, unwilling as he was to think uncharitably of his own brethren, he had no alternative left but that of branding them as impostors, forgers, and swindlers."

"And what said the judge?" demanded Sal-ad-Deen; "I presume the final decision of the question hung upon his arbitration?"

"Your highness is correct: the judge at once pronounced his award, which was definitive. 'You want,' said he, 'a satisfactory adjudication of this question, which you have contested among yourselves so long and so fruitlessly. Summon

then your father before me: call him from the dead and let him speak; it is otherwise impracticable for me to come at the knowledge of his intentions. Do you think that I sit here for the purpose of expounding riddles and reconciling contradictions? Or do you, perhaps, expect that the true ring will by some miracle be compelled to bear oral testimony here in court to its own genuineness? But hold: I understand that the ring is endowed with the occult power of rendering its wearer amiable and faultless in the eyes of men. By that test I am willing to try it, and so to pronounce judgment.—Which of you three, then, is the greatest object of love to the other two. You are silent. What! does this ring, which should awaken love in all, act with an inward influence only not an outward? Does each of you love only himself? Oh, go! you are all alike deceivers or deceived: none of your rings is the true one. The true ring is probably lost; and to supply its place your father ordered three spurious ones for common use among you. If you will abide by a piece of advice instead of a formal decision, here is my counsel to you; leave the matter where it stands. If each of you has had a ring presented to him by his father, let each believe his own to be the real ring. Possibly your father might have grown disinclined to tolerate any longer the exclusiveness implied in the possession of a single ring by one member of a family; and, certainly, as he loved you all with the same affection, it could not gratify him to appear the oppressor of two by favoring one in particular. Let each of you therefore feel honored by this all-embracing generosity of your parent; let each of you endeavor to outshine his brothers in the cultivation of every virtue which the ring is presumed to confer—assisting the mysterious influence supposed to reside in it by habits of gentleness, benevolence, and mutual tolerance, and by resignation in all things to the will of God; and if the virtues of the ring continue to manifest themselves in your children, and your children's children, and their descendants to the hundredth generation, then, after the lapse of thousands of years, appear again and for the last time before this judgment seat! A Greater than I will then occupy it, and He will decide this controversy for ever.' So spake the upright judge, and broke up the court. Your highness now, I trust, thoroughly comprehends my reason for not answering your question in a direct manner?"

"Is that the end of thy story?" asked Sal-ad-Deen.

"If it please your highness," said the Jew, who had by this time arisen, and was gradually, though respectfully, proceeding to accomplish his retreat.

"By my beard," said the sultan, after a considerable pause, "it is an ingenious apologue that of thine, and there may be something in it too; but still it does not persuade me that thou art excusable in thy pertinacious rejection of Islamism. I own I tremble for thee after all. Go thy ways, however, for the present, with this purse of tomauns, by way of premium for thy mother-wit."

From the Irish Penny Journal.

## MADAME ROLAND.

Manon-Jeanne-Philipon Roland, an extraordinary woman, whose name is familiar to us, in connexion with the French Revolution, was born at Paris in 1740. Her father was an engraver of little note; but notwithstanding his situation in life, he contrived to give his daughter a good education. At four years old she was able to read, and from that period her progress in drawing, music, and history, was very rapid. She early showed a decision of character which led her never to give up her own opinion unless her reason were convinced. Her early years were passed at home, but her mind was kept in incessant activity. Her avidity for procuring knowledge was such, that having by chance found a volume on heraldry, she set herself to study that not very inviting subject. But her favorite book was Plutarch's Lives, which she was so fond of, that she actually carried it to church with her. She was then about nine years old. "From that moment," says she, in her very interesting memoirs, "I date those impressions and ideas which made me a republican, while as yet I did not even dream of becoming one." In her youthful enthusiasm, she used to lament that she was not born a Spartan or a Roman.

At length, at her own request, she was removed to a con-

vent for the completion of her education. Here she was distinguished, among a crowd of gay and frivolous companions, by a gravity of demeanor which had become habitual to her; and she herself confesses that she felt herself captivated by the attraction of the Roman Catholic ceremonies. A correspondence she maintained with a schoolfellow who had returned home, gave her the first taste for writing, and served to form her style, and give her facility in composition. On her return home she renewed her former labours, made extracts from the books she read, and studied the principles of natural philosophy and mathematics. Her religious faith was first shaken by the controversial works of Bossuet; and after passing through many intermediate degrees, she finally settled down into Deism.

The death of her mother, which singularly happened to confirm a dream, in which she fancied that event had been predicted, was the first grief she had experienced, and for two months she was inconsolable. At this period she was about twenty-one years of age. When the first bitter period of mourning was over, she took upon herself the directing of her father's household, dividing her time between domestic duties and study. She read the writings of Christian preachers, criticised Bourdaloue, and even composed a sermon herself. She also wrote a treatise on a question proposed by the Academy of Besançon.

In 1770, she became acquainted with her future husband, Roland de la Platière, then Inspector-General of Manufactures at Amiens; and the friendship that sprang up between them afterwards ripened into a more tender feeling, although Roland was more than twenty years older than Mademoiselle Philpon; but the many good qualities he possessed, and a great similarity of tastes and feelings, were sufficient to cause her to overlook this objection. It appears, however, to have had weight with her father, who at first refused his consent. Upon this Roland travelled into Switzerland, Italy, and Malta, whence he wrote a series of letters to his future wife, which he afterwards published. Meantime Mademoiselle Philpon retired to a convent and separated herself from her father, who had contracted habits of dissipation which seriously injured his fortune.

On Roland's return he again addressed himself to her, and they were united. "I became," says she, "the wife of a truly honest man, who loved me the more the better he knew me; but still I felt that there was too little equality between us; that the ascendancy of a governor, joined to twenty years' seniority, rendered one of these superiorities too great. If we lived in seclusion, I should be obliged to pass many painful hours; if we went into society, then I might be exposed to trials which might prove too great. I gave myself up to the pursuits of my husband, a proceeding which had its inconveniences; I accustomed him never to leave me for anything, nor for one moment." The first year of their marriage was passed at Paris, where Roland revised and sent to the press a portion of his treatises on different arts, afterwards incorporated in "The Collection of Arts and Trades," published by the "Académie des Sciences." He employed his wife as his copying clerk and corrector of the press, a task which she performed with great care, although very disagreeable to a mind so well cultivated as hers. A course of natural history and botany was the laborious recreation of one who filled at the time the posts of secretary and cook; for, Roland's health being very delicate, his wife with her own hands prepared the dishes most palatable to him. Returning to Amiens, they there spent four years, where Madame Roland became the mother of an infant which she herself nursed, yet without abandoning her "cabinet labours;" and she found time to construct a herbal of the plants of Picardy. In 1784, she and her husband made an excursion to England, and in the same year she proceeded to Paris, on a mission from her husband (who placed an unbounded, perhaps too uxorious reliance upon her) to solicit a grant of letters of nobility for him. In this she was unsuccessful, but she procured a transfer of his station as Inspector-General from Amiens to Lyons; an agreeable change, as it placed him in the immediate neighbourhood of his friends and relations—Villefranche, his birth-place, being very near Lyons. In 1787 she made an excursion to Geneva with her husband; but here she was terribly disgusted on finding no statue erected to her adored Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

She was still resident at Lyons when the revolution broke out; it was hailed by Roland and herself with equal ardour, and they both assisted in editing the *Courrier de Lyon*, contributing several articles in favour of the "new order of things." Madame Roland furnished an account of the Lyonsese Federation of the 30th of May, 1790, and gave the details with so much energy and talent that more than 60,000 copies of the number were sold. Her *incognita* enabled her to enjoy her triumph with the greatest satisfaction. Believing that in the revolution she saw the application of the republican principles she had so long admired, she followed with the closest attention the progress of the labours of the National Assembly, and studied with deep interest the talents of the more remarkable among the deputies. Her husband being sent as a deputy-extraordinary, to make representations on behalf of the city of Lyons, of the wretched condition of trade, twenty thousand mechanics being almost in a state of destitution, she accompanied him to Paris in Feb. 1791. There both husband and wife plunged deeply into the politics of the time, he associating himself with the famous Jacobin Club; she attending regularly the sittings of the Assembly, and gathering a sort of committee of the chief republican leaders around her at her *soirées*, held three times a week. After a considerable stay, during which Roland achieved the object of his mission, they returned to Lyons, where they (for almost all of Roland's political actions were prompted or participated by his wife) founded a Jacobin club in correspondence with that of Paris, and used every exertion to forward the views of the republicans; but the office of Inspector-General being abolished by one of the last acts of the Assembly, Roland and his wife returned to Paris in December.

Here the connexion with the Jacobin party was renewed and strengthened, and when the unfortunate king was advised, as a measure of prudence, to receive some members of the republican party into his councils, Brissot, who exercised the chief influence in the formation of the ministry, proposed Roland as a member. There was no honest man—perhaps it is not too much to say there was none so honest as Roland among his party: in an intimate knowledge of the trade and manufactures of the kingdom none surpassed him; his works on those subjects are his witnesses; but he was a stern, unflinching republican, formed on the model of old Rome, and, as a politician, quite unable to lead or govern a kingdom in a state of anarchy. It was impossible that a minister should serve a monarch and uphold a republican faction at the same time; and the famous letter which he addressed to the sovereign on the occasion of his refusing to sanction a decree of the Assembly against the priests, who had been denounced by the minister as factious, led to his dismissal on the 10th of June. It has been said, that Madame Roland was the author of this letter, which was widely circulated, and in Parisian phrase, produced "an immense sensation." There can be no doubt that she advised, and probably revised it, as it is well known that her husband took no important political step without consulting her.

After the terrible 10th of August, Roland was cheered back to his station by the Jacobins; but the horrors of the 2d and 3d of September made him and all honest Frenchmen pause, and he, with the party of the Girondins, still fought the battle of comparative moderation. As early as December, an attempt had been made to destroy his wife.—She was cited to answer a calumnious denunciation, but defended herself with such grace and eloquence that her very enemies were silent, and were forced to admire her. Convinced at length that there was no longer any hope for the Girondin party, she advised her husband to resign his portfolio, but he retained it until the 31st May (1793), when the arrest of the chief of his party being decreed, he was obliged to seek safety in flight; she assisted him to escape, but although she might have saved herself, she chose to remain.—"It is a greater trouble," said she, "to escape from injustice, than to submit to it." Doubtless she did not anticipate the extreme proceedings adopted against her. Although the section de Beaurepaire, the division of the city in which she resided, interceded for her, she was thrown into the dungeons of the Abbaye on the 1st of June, and shortly after removed to Sainte Pelagie. Here she conducted herself with much dignity, occupying herself with reading, especially Tacitus, for whose works she conceived a peculiar affection; here also she composed her *Memoirs*, a singular but most in-



interesting composition. Her friends formed a plan of escape for her, which she rejected, lest it should compromise the safety of her husband.

She had formed a very clear judgment of the character of the existing government. "It is," said she, "a sort of monster, in form and action equally revolting; as it touches it destroys, and will devour even itself." Wishing, doubtless, to hasten this consummation, she, by means of Duperret, a member of the Convention, entered into correspondence with Barbarough and Buzot, who were then at Caen, on the subject of a rising in the provinces; but Duperret was seized, and an accusation against Madame Roland founded on the papers in his possession. On the 1st October, the day of the execution of Brissot and the deputies of the Gironde, she was transferred to the Conciergerie, placed in an infected apartment, with no bed, save one which another prisoner resigned to her, and that unfurnished with sheets. She had provided herself with opium that she might at will escape from her persecutors; but she determined not to make use of it, as her execution, she believed, might be of service to her country. On the day of her trial, as the examination of pre-condemned unfortunates was mockingly termed, she left the prison with a firm and cheerful aspect, and she conducted herself in a firm and noble manner before the tribunal. But she was brutally insulted: questions touching her womanly honor were unblushingly put to her, and she returned in tears—the tears of offended modesty. Madame Talma, the wife of the celebrated tragedian, was a partner of Madame Roland's prison.—She relates that her unhappy friend spent the night in playing upon the harpsichord, but the strains were, she says, so wild, so unearthly, they were terrible.

She that evening had an interview with her counsel Cheveau Legarde, who went over all the points he proposed to urge in her defence. She listened to him in silence, but when he concluded, she said, "My friend, all you can say will be useless. Do not appear in court to-morrow. You will destroy yourself, but cannot save me." Then drawing a ring from her finger, she gave it to him, saying, "Accept from me this last proof of gratitude; alas! it is all I have left to bestow."

She left the prison in the morning calm and composed, and appeared before her judges dressed all in white, and with more than usual care; her long dark hair, which flowed in ringlets, reached her waist. When, after condemnation, she appeared at the portal, she made a sign to her friends that she was doomed to death; then stepping lightly into the cart which stood ready to convey her to the scaffold, she endeavored to cheer the spirits of her companion Lamarche, the diffeitor of the manufacture of assignats, who was to share her fate. Passing by the statue of Liberty, she exclaimed, "Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" words which have been long remembered and often repeated, not entirely, we may hope, without effect; and if so, Madame Roland will indeed not have died in vain. So perfectly tranquil was she, that at the foot of the scaffold she demanded writing materials, to record, as she said, the thoughts and the new ideas that had entered her mind on the way to her execution. They were denied; but had they been granted, we should have possessed a curious record of the last thoughts of a very noble woman.

She shrank not from the last appalling ceremonies, and died on the 8th of November, 1795, at the age of forty.

She predicted that her husband would not long survive her, and she was right. He was at Rouen when he received the tidings of his wife's death. He at first resolved to go to Paris and deliver himself up; but recollecting that his execution would involve the confiscation of all his property, and thus deprive his daughter of all means of support, he resolved to end his life with his own hand. He accordingly went out alone, about two leagues from the town on the Paris road, and then turning into a by-path, sat down on the side of the ditch, and placing the handle of a sword-cane which he carried against the trunk of a tree, he transfixed himself on the blade. He must have expired without a struggle; for when his body was found, the attitude was unchanged, and his face perfectly tranquil. His remains were carried into Rouen, where they suffered many brutal indignities from the populace.

Such was the end of Roland, who, if he had possessed the

ambition of Robespierre, might have risen to the same bad eminence. There is much of similarity in the earlier career of these two, and the difference of their fate shows forcibly, on the one hand, that we may be forced on to excesses, at one time perhaps repugnant to the very thoughts of the perpetrator, unless supported by principle; and, on the other, that he who steadily goes forward in the path he believes to be right, may be mistaken, may be unfortunate, but is still respected even in error and misfortune. Roland and Robespierre both started in life poor, but advanced themselves by successful exertion in their professions, Roland as a clerk to the inspector-general of manufactures at Rouen, Robespierre as an advocate. Each made himself known to the public by his writings; Robespierre's being from the first exclusively political,—Roland's devoted to the trade and commerce of the country, and political only when he himself entered the arena. Both from the first joined the party of the Jacobins, and both were distinguished among the leaders of that party. But here the resemblance ends. The declared political aim of each was, up to this point, the same, and, if possible, Robespierre's declarations of patriotism were more warm and apparently disinterested. But Roland meant what he said, and at the best Robespierre only believed that he meant it. Roland served his country honestly to the last; and Robespierre, the man who had written a volume against capital punishments, professing to doubt even if they were lawful in cases of murder, yielded to the weak ambition of becoming the head of a party, and imbrued his hands in blood. It may be that his enormities have been exaggerated by those who smarted from their effects, but no excuse can palliate his offences against humanity.

Madame Roland left several works behind her besides her memoirs, but her fame chiefly rests upon her "Appeal to Posterity." It was not made in vain, and posterity has done her justice.

**BYRON IN GREECE.**—To those who did not personally know Byron, it will appear extraordinary that he could thus mix himself up with the politics of a country where his sojourn had been but brief, and its continuance was still uncertain; but those who were acquainted with the extraordinary mobility of his mind can easily imagine how quickly he participated in the feelings of those around him, and espoused their cause, though his coalition with them might be attended with no little risk to himself. But even while thus acting, Byron could laugh at, and ridicule his own quixotism with more wit and humor than could be called into play against it by others. With a temperament that peculiarly exposed him to acts of chivalric rashness, Byron possessed so quick a perception of the ridiculous, that he could not disguise from himself the indiscretion of many of his own proceedings; and while pursuing conduct that his sober judgment disapproved, he would, as if in atonement, indulge in a mockery of it, more sarcastic than that of those who wished to attack him.—*Lady Blessington.*

**JOYOUS CHILDHOOD.**—There is a time between childhood and manhood when the character may be said to go through a process resembling fermentation, and the effects of spoiling and of simply erroneous treatment of various kinds are in a great measure thrown off. But take away from a child all the joyousness proper to his young years, and let him only know his parents, or others that have been around him, as tyrants, and the evil is irreparable. His life has wanted an element. He has not known that morning sunshine of the breast which is the brightest of all moral sunshine. Treated himself without gentleness, affection, and mercy, he has not the call of a recollection of his own experience to treat others with gentleness, affection, or mercy. He is rather disposed to revenge his own sufferings upon other people, as the genie confined in the barrel and thrown into the sea vowed to destroy whoever let him out. Thus sourness goes down like an estate to a family, and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Unwillingly does the mind digest the evils prepared for it by others; for those we prepare ourselves, we eat but the fruit which we have planted and watered.

From the London Athenæum.

DEATH'S RAMBLES.

One day the dreary old King of Death  
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,  
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,  
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair—  
His body was lean and lank—  
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur  
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,  
This goblin of grisly bone?  
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd  
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh  
(For the man was a coffin maker)  
To think how the mutes and the men in black suits  
Would mourn for an undertaker.

He saw two duellists going to fight,  
In fear they could not smother,  
And he shot one through at once—for he knew  
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,  
And he gave a snore infernal;  
Said Death—"he may keep his breath, for his sleep  
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach  
So slow that his fare grew sick;  
But he let him stray on his tedious way—  
For Death only wars on the quick.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,  
In the spirit of his fraternity;  
But he knew that sort of man would extort,  
Though *summon'd* to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,  
But he let him write no further—  
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,  
Is jealous of all self-murder!

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,  
And a doctor that took the sum;  
But he let them be—for he knew the "fee"  
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,  
And he gave him a mortal thrust—  
For himself by law, since Adam's flaw,  
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,  
And he mark'd him out for slaughter—  
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,  
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,  
But the game wasn't worth a dump,  
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,  
To wait for the final trump!

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We do not want precepts so much as patterns.  
The worthiest people are the most injured by slander; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.  
A miser grows rich by seeming poor, an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.  
There is not greater difference between the living and the dead, than between a wise man and a blockhead.  
Nothing ought to be more guarded against in a free state than making the military power a body too distinct from the people.  
Profusion restores to the public the wealth which avarice has detained from it for a time.

THE VETERAN'S REWARD.  
A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

If the French Revolution has presented to us horrors till then unexampled, it must be owned also to have furnished us with some striking traits of humanity and magnanimity.—Many persons of both parties voluntarily risked their lives to preserve those of people, whom the unhappy state of the times compelled them to regard as enemies; and those acts of generous devotion were not uncommon even among the military, who, by their profession and the horrors they witnessed, might be supposed less susceptible than others of the soft feelings of compassion.

During the civil war, in a skirmish that had taken place between the republicans and the Chouans, several of the latter were made prisoners. When the troop halted to take some refreshment, they stopped in a plain near a spring, and forming a circle, placed the prisoners in the midst of it.—Their Captain, a very young man, who had but lately attained the command, seated himself at some distance upon the trunk of a tree, and taking some provisions from his knapsack, began to refresh himself. He perceived one of the prisoners speak to his lieutenant, and directly afterwards advance towards him. Delmont remarked, as this unfortunate man drew near, that he had no other clothing than his shirt and trowsers, which were in rags and covered with blood, and that a linen bandage, also stained with blood, covered his forehead and his left eye.

The sight of so much misery sensibly touched the heart of the young officer; and he was still more moved when the prisoner said to him, "M. le Commandant, I have saved the miniature of my wife: will you, when I shall be no more, have the charity to remit it to my mother, Madame Duplessis, at Lamballe? My wife and children reside with her." Too much moved to reply to this touching request, Delmont gazed upon him in silence; and he added, in a tone of more pressing entreaty, "In the name of heaven, do not refuse me! If you do, they must always suffer from their ignorance of my fate, for it is my intention to conceal my name from the court-martial. Thus they will have no means of ascertaining what has become of me; but if they receive the portrait they will be certain that I would have parted with it only at the hour of death."

Delmont was still silent: in fact his mind was occupied between the prisoner and the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, which he found of doing it. Duplessis, believing that he had no intention to grant his request, became still more urgent: "In the name of God! in the name of all that is dear to you!"—"Say no more, cried the other abruptly, the commission is a very disagreeable one, but still I will not refuse it." Taking the miniature as he spoke, he put it into his pocket; and added, "Will you eat a mouthful of something, and take a drop of brandy? it will refresh you."

"I cannot swallow," replied Duplessis; "a fever consumes me, and I am impatient to reach our destination, that I may escape from my misery." Those words made Delmont shudder. He looked earnestly in the face of the speaker, and disfigured as it was with dust, sweat, and blood, there was something in the features so noble and touching, that he could not help resolving to risk every thing in order to save him. "Listen to me attentively," cried he: "I will give you a chance, which, if well managed, may preserve your life. Say that you came to tell me you could not continue to march, and I have refused you any assistance. Go back, and complain of my cruelty to the same officer who has allowed you to come and speak to me, and try to act so that he may solicit me to leave you behind with an escort, to wait for a *voiture de requisition*. I will take care that the men who will guard you shall be drunkards; make them drunk, recover your energy and escape."

"Ah, my God! if it were possible? But you forget I must have money to give them, and I have not a single sou!"—"And unfortunately I have very little, only four *assignats* of five francs each: you will find them under this piece of meat," continued he, wrapping part of his provisions in paper; "be sure you are not seen to take them out: go, and God speed you!"

Duplessis turned away without speaking; but the tears that started to his eyes were more eloquent than words. He



followed Delmont's directions so successfully, that in a few moments afterwards the lieutenant came to tell the captain, that the prisoner, to whom he had given provisions, could not eat; and that a burning fever rendered him incapable of marching. Delmont replied with feigned harshness, that if the man could not go on, it was better to shoot him at once.

"What!" cried the other indignantly, "shoot a man before you know whether he will be pronounced guilty or innocent by the court-martial! You cannot seriously mean it, captain."

"Pray then what would you have me do with him? for you know I cannot remain here to watch him. My orders are to proceed, and I cannot diminish the force of our troop, already too small for a part of the country like this, in order to leave an escort with this man."

"But look at the state in which he is! Three men would be quite sufficient to guard him, till we can get a *voiture de requisition*, which no doubt may be had to-morrow; and certainly, captain, you will not say that you cannot spare three men?"

"Well," replied the other with feigned impatience, "you shall have it your way: but remember I tell you you are bringing me into a scrape. However, since you will have it so, tell Corporal Gaillard and La Porte and Desmoulins to remain with him: we must now set out." The lieutenant did not wait for another order; he made the men carry the prisoner, who appeared to be dying, into a hut. Delmont recommended to them to keep a strict eye over him, as they would be answerable for him if he escaped; and he set forward.

As Delmont had foreseen, the general refused to approve his report, and ordered him to go himself the next day to present it to the commissary of the Convention. Before he waited upon the commissary, the three soldiers arrived without their prisoner. The corporal declared, that, notwithstanding his appearance of illness, he had tried to escape in the night by a window, but the men being upon the alert, had all three fired at once; he fell dead upon the spot, and they had buried him there.

This tale was told so naturally, that Delmont could not entertain a doubt of its truth: it cost him a great deal to dissemble the pang it gave him; but he dared not manifest any regret, and taking with him the three soldiers and his lieutenant, he went to make his report to the commissary, who, after hearing all the depositions, told him very roughly, that he had done very wrong to expose three brave soldiers of the republic only to convey a sick rebel more easily to be shot; that, however, as they had done their duty by shooting him when he attempted to escape, and had returned safely, the affair should be passed over, but that he might be certain, if if such a thing occurred again, his conduct should be sharply inquired into.

The commissary finished by giving him a fresh order to march with his detachment; saying at the same time, "I believe you will be commanded, before your departure, to shoot the men whom you have brought with you. I am waiting for the order; and as soon as I get it, I will transmit it to you." My readers will believe that this was enough to quicken the motions of Delmont; in ten minutes he had marched out with his detachment, without beat of drum, and they thus escaped the horrible office of executioners.

Delmont's detachment was ordered to march to—: while on the road, he recollected the commission which he had accepted from the unfortunate Duplessis; and as he had to halt at Lamballe, he determined to fulfil it, though he felt an unspeakable reluctance to be the bearer of such news to a widowed mother.

When he presented himself at the house of Madame Duplessis, the servant who opened the door, supposing he was billeted upon them, said to him, "Citizen, my mistress cannot lodge you in her house; but she has arranged with the innkeeper over the way to receive you in her stead."

"It is not a lodging I want; I must speak to your mistress in private."

The poor girl turned as pale as death, and went with a look of terror to inform her mistress. Returning in a moment, she led Delmont into an apartment, where he found an elderly lady of very prepossessing appearance, and a beautiful little girl of four or five years old at her side. "I would

wish my daughter to be present at our conversation, sir," said she: "go, Pauline, and seek your mamma."

Delmont would have stopped the child, but she disappeared in a moment; and before he could determine how to begin, a beautiful young woman entered. She looked at him with great emotion; and the old lady then said, "This is my daughter. You have a commission for us, have you not?"

"Alas! yes, a sorrowful one."

"Ah! not so, best of friends, of benefactors—he is saved! Yes," cried the mother in a transport of gratitude, "I owe you my son's life. Agatha, embrace the preserver of your husband."

Beth embraced him with tears of joy. The lovely Agatha brought her infant boy and her little girl, that they also might caress him to whom they owed a father's life. Ah! how delicious were those caresses to Delmont! never in his life had he experienced such pure, such heartfelt pleasure.

"But how is this possible?" said he at last; "did they not fire? they told me they had killed and buried him." "My dear friend, they were so intoxicated that they would not have been able to kill a fly. God be praised, he is now in safety, and is recovering very fast. Ah! how I wish that you could see him! but that must not be. But now tell us, are you come to stay at Lamballe?" "No, I can only stop for to-night." "Well, at least for to-night you will stop with us;" and Agatha hastened to get an apartment prepared for him.

We may easily believe that he did not refuse their hospitality. They told him their whole situation without reserve. Duplessis had determined to emigrate with his wife and children; his mother resolved to remain behind, in order to preserve the family property. "I shall not repay your twenty francs," said Agatha to him, "nor will I take back my portrait: my husband has desired, that if ever I was fortunate enough to see you, I should tell you to keep it, and to beg you to regard it as that of a sister."

The next morning Delmont was forced to tear himself from this amiable and grateful family, whom he saw no more. Twenty years passed away, and found Delmont, at the time of the restoration, a disbanded officer, who lived with a widowed sister upon the produce of a little farm which he cultivated with his own hands. One evening, an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, dismounted at the veteran's gate, and throwing himself into his arms, exclaimed, "God be praised, my dear preserver, that I am allowed to thank you once at least before I die!" It was Duplessis returned, after so long an absence, to end his days in his native country. He had entered into mercantile speculations in England, had been fortunate, and was come back rich.—Delmont congratulated him heartily and sincerely.

"And you, my dear Delmont, how is it that you are not more fortunate?"

"My friend, I do not complain; I have quitted the service with clean hands and a clear conscience," "And without promotion?" "I have not sought it." "No, but you have well deserved it: I am not ignorant of the wounds you have received in your various campaigns." "I only did my duty."

Upon this point, however, the friends could not agree; but Duplessis soon dropped the subject, to talk with his friend upon his present situation. He found that he should soon be compelled to quit the farm he occupied, as it was about to be sold; he did not complain, but it was evident that he felt great reluctance to leave it.

"And what price," said Duplessis to him one day, when they were talking on this subject, "does the owner demand for it?" "Twenty-thousand francs (nearly one thousand pounds)." "That is lucky; for it is exactly the sum you have in Lafitte's hands." "I! you joke." "No, indeed, I never was more serious; and so you will find, if you draw upon him to that amount." "But can you think that I shall rob you." "Not at all; the money is yours: it is the accumulated interest of your twenty francs." "Impossible!"

"I will convince you it is very possible and very true. It is my wife's plan, and this is the manner in which she has executed it. As soon as we were settled in England, she laid out your twenty francs in materials for embroidery and artificial flowers. She worked at these in her leisure hours, sold them to advantage, purchased materials for more, and con-

stantly gave me, every six months, the profits of her work, to place in the public funds. We lived retired; and she had consequently much leisure, and worked incessantly. During more than twenty years, this fund, at first so small, has been constantly increasing, till it has become the means of rendering your old age easy. But it is not enough that the old age of a brave and virtuous man should be easy; he ought to receive a public recompense for his services, and I bring you one. Means have been found to represent to the king, that your career has not been less distinguished by humanity than by valor, and he shows this sense of your services by presenting you with this cross of St. Louis, and the rank and half-pay of *chef-de-bataillon*.

The worthy veteran threw himself into the arms of his friend. It would be difficult to say which was most affected. He still lived long in the enjoyment of this noble reward of his humanity—need it be said that he made a worthy use of it?

#### HAZARDOUS ENTERPRISE.

A little more than a century ago England was indebted to Italy for the greater portion of her thrown silk. The superiority of the Italians over the English in the art of silk-throwing was held by the former of so great value, that the penalty of death was prescribed by their laws against any one who should make known to a foreigner the secret of their manufactures. In this state of things a Mr. John Lombe, the youngest of three brothers of that name, engaged in the silk trade, proceeded to Leghorn in the year 1715, upon the hazardous enterprise of endeavoring to possess himself of a knowledge of the silk machinery of that country.

On his arrival, and before he became known in that country, he went, accompanied by a friend, to see the Italian silk works. This was permitted under very rigid limitations; no person was admitted except when the machinery was in action, and even then he was hurried through the rooms with the most jealous precaution. The celerity of the machinery rendered it impossible for Mr. Lombe to comprehend all the dependencies and first springs of so extensive and complicated a work. He went with different persons in various habits—as a gentleman, a priest, or a lady; and he was very generous with his money; but he could never find an opportunity of seeing the machinery put in motion, or of giving to it that careful attention which his object required.

Despairing of obtaining adequate information from such cursory inspection as he was thus enabled to give, he bethought himself of associating with the clergy, and being a man of letters, he succeeded in ingratiating himself with the priest who confessed the family to which the works belonged. He seems to have opened his plans, partly at least, to this person, and it is certain that he found means to obtain his co-operation. According to the scheme which they planned between them, Mr. Lombe disguised himself as a youth in want of employment. The priest then introduced him to the directors of the works, and gave him a good character for honesty and diligence, and described him as inured to greater hardships than might be expected from his appearance. He was accordingly engaged as a fillet-boy, to superintend a spinning-engine so called. His mean appearance procured him accommodation in the place which his design made the most acceptable to him—the mill. While others slept, he was awake and diligently employed in his arduous and dangerous undertaking. He had possessed himself of a dark lantern, tinder-box, wax-candle, and a case of mathematical instruments. In the day time, these were secreted in the hole under the stairs where he used to sleep; and no person ever indicated the least curiosity to ascertain the extent of the possessions of so mean a lad. He thus went on making drawings of every part of this very grand and useful machinery; the priest often inquired after his poor boy at the works, and through his agency Lombe conveyed his drawings to Glover Unwins; with them models were made from the drawings, and despatched to England piecemeal in bales of silk. These originals are still, we believe, preserved in the Derby mills.

After Lombe had completed his design he still remained at the mill, waiting until an English ship should be on the point of sailing for England. When this happened, he left the works and hastened on board. But meanwhile his absence

had occasioned suspicion, and an Italian brig was despatched in pursuit; but the English vessel happily proved the better sailer of the two, and escaped. It is said that the priest was put to the torture; but the correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to whom we are indebted for most of the facts we have stated, says that, after Mr. Lombe's return to England, an Italian priest was much in his company; and he is of opinion that this was either the priest in question, or, at least, another confederate in the same affair. Mr. Lombe also brought over with him two natives accustomed to the manufacture for the sake of introducing which he had incurred so much hazard.

After his return, John Lombe appears to have actively exerted himself in forwarding the work undertaken by him and his brother, Sir Thomas, at Derby; but he did not live to witness their completion. He died on the premises, on the 16th of November, 1722 in the 29th year of his age. The common account of his death is, that the Italians, exasperated at the injury done to their trade, sent over to England an artful woman, who associated with the parties in the character of a friend; and having gained over one of the natives who originally accompanied Mr. Lombe, administered a poison to him of which he ultimately died.

**A FAMILY MAN.**—The slave-dealers of the last century relate countless anecdotes of shocking barbarity among the African tribes, and their account is fully confirmed by the missionaries. Father Lalat mentions one instance of a worse than brutal disregard of natural ties, which is too curious to be omitted. He tells us that, being one day, during the year 1654, in his convent of St Salvador a native of Congo came into the church, and made such loud and doleful lamentations, that he gathered round him all the inhabitants of the convent. They eagerly inquired what dreadful calamity had befallen him, but so extreme was his affliction, that he was long unable to make an answer. After much labour, and many kind attempts at consolation, he at length unfolded the nature of his grief. He told them that he was reduced to the extreme of misery and despair; he had sold his children, his wives, his only sister, his younger brothers, and finally, his father and mother; he was, therefore, in great distress, because there was not one of his family left whom he could turn into money. The worthy Capuchins were astounded; at first they could not forbear from laughing at so strange a complaint; they then endeavored to show him what an unnatural monster he was, and how justly he merited sufferings far more severe than those he endured. He coolly replied, that he had done nothing but what had been constantly practised in that country; and there could be no crime in reducing them to that slavish condition to which he himself had run the risk of being reduced by them.—*Taylor's History of Society.*

**ENTRANCE TO THE CONVENT OF MOUNT SINAI.**—The sun had set before we reached the middle of the valley—and I have seldom seen any thing grander than the appearance of these bare granite mountains, with their ragged peaks glittering in the moonlight. As we entered the narrow valley in which the convent stands, lights were seen moving about the building; and, when we rode up to the walls, a gray-bearded figure appeared with a torch at a small window high above our heads, and, after reconnoitering us for a few moments, withdrew without speaking a word. Presently another window opened, several monks appeared with lights, and a rope was let down for our letters. After a minute or two, during which our friends above appeared to be in deep consultation, the rope was again let down for ourselves. The ascent is somewhat nervous, I assure you; for the whole apparatus consists of a rope with a loop at the end of it; rather ominous—very like being "kilted up in a tow," as Baile Jarvie has it; your whole safety depends on your holding the rope firmly with your hands, and you find constant employment for your feet in keeping yourself from coming in collision with the rough projections of the wall. Then the old monks walk so slowly round their windlass above, that you think you are to be left all night dangling in the air; and when you are fairly wound up, you find yourself hanging two or three feet from the window, without the possibility of getting in, till the monks get hold of the rope, and land you like a bale of goods.—*Kinnear's Cairo, Petra, and Damascus.*



From Colburn's New Monthly for February.

# COUNT HAROLD.

A CHARADE.

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. MRS. —.

## I.

Count Harold hath built him the bow'r of his rest,  
On the rock where the wild bird hath fixed her nest,  
When faint in the stretch of her uppermost flight,  
On the tow'rs of Count Harold the eagle will light:  
The sturdiest yeoman that ever drew bow,  
Could scarce send a shaft from the valley below;  
And the downiest plume in the young eaglet's lair,  
Might ward off the bolt, if it reached him there!

Little reck he—Count Harold—for Kaiser or King,  
All he lacks to his lair on the rock he can bring;  
The buck from the forest—the lamb from the fold;  
He asks for no license—he pays with no gold:  
To prince or to prelate, no tithe, or no tax—  
He gives with the gauntlet, and takes with the axe.  
All his messengers say, when they ride from his sleep,  
“What we lack, ye *must* give—what we don't, ye *may* keep.”

And yet, amid merriment, wassail, and wine,  
Count Harold grew sad in his tow'r on the Rhine;  
And oft, when the feast and the revel were past,  
And the guests were all gone would his brow grow o'ercast;  
And oft would he turn, when no footstep was nigh,  
And oft would he listen, when none could reply:  
What step doth he look for?—what voice doth he hear?  
Who laughs at all love, and who scoffs at all fear!

Oh! pleasant the bound of the courser may be,  
When he flies like an arrow o'er landscape and lea;  
And joyous the flight of the falcon true,  
When he follows his prey through the vault of blue:  
Yet who—when the flight of the falcon is o'er,  
And the step of the courser is fleet no more—  
Hath not pined for *some* pillow, that's softer than down,  
His ev'ning to solace—his toils to crown?

The chace was done, and the quarry was won,  
And Count Harold dismounted at set of sun!  
The board is loaded with costly cheer,  
From bristl'd boar, and from antler'd deer;  
Old Rudolph is bearing a sturdy chine,  
Greg Reginald comes with his ruby wine,  
Yet coldly Lord Harold hath turned away,  
From the festive board, and the goblet gay!

“I've tended his footsteps,” old Rudolph sighed,  
“From the hour that his sainted mother died;  
I've followed him forth, through foray and fray,  
Through good and through ill, since his natal day;  
But never before have I seen him wear,  
So gloomy a look, and so sad an air,  
Since the eve we rode from yon tourney-flight,  
And Harold, as ever, was victor knight!”

“Ten courses he ran there—ten lances he broke,—  
Their limbs ne'er quiver'd—their lips ne'er spoke,  
But at each career lay a warrior low,  
From that one dire shock,—and that one dread blow!  
Yet bore he nor war-steed nor armor away  
From the blood-stained lists, or the breathless clay,—  
A silken gaud from a maiden's hand—  
And he turned his courser,—and sheathed his brand!”

“But small, since that morning, Lord Harold's delight,  
In jocund mirth—or joyous night:—  
Oh! oft have I fancied a young maid's eye,  
Must be lit with some spell of glamourie!  
For ever, *they* say, who have felt the wiles,  
Of its silent music, or speaking smiles,  
No mother's child that was ever nursed,  
Is proof 'gainst its spell—till he done ‘MY FIRST!’”

## II.

There is clash of armor and note of fray,  
In Count Harold's tow'r on the Rhine to-day!

And mailed men in the court below,  
Bear axe, and corslet, and brand, and bow!  
No falcon is *there*, in his jesses and hood,  
Nor valet, nor page, for the gay greenwood—  
But warriors grim, in their coats of steel,  
With belted brand, and with armed heel!

With blood-red nostril, and fiery bound,  
Lord Harold's destrier paws the ground—  
With lance and shield, and with forehead bare,  
Lord Harold's esquires are waiting there—  
A hasty step, and a hurried word,  
And he vaults to his seat,—like a winged bird!  
And marvel of marvels! a scarf of blue  
Floats down from his helm, in the morning dew!

“Now, Mary mother! be good to us all,”  
Old Rudolph said, “he is witchcraft's thrall—  
I've crossed this drawbridge, through show'r and shine,  
For twenty years,—but a gaud so fine  
As that he bears on his morion now,  
Ne'er saw I—but *once*—on my master's brow!  
Saints! be good to us all, I pray,  
For mischief I ween 's in the wind to-day!”

From the eagle's tower on the mountain side,  
They come to the blue Rhine's rushing tide,  
No ferry is waiting by that steep shore,  
To carry or steed, or his rider o'er;  
But when did torrent impose delay,  
Or earth,—or air,—in Count Harold's way?—  
One stroke of the spur—and their steeds are in,  
One more—and the furthestmost bank they win!

The chimes of St. Goar were tolling to pray'r  
When Count Harold rode from his rocky lair!—  
St. Goar's monks had not told their beads  
When they heard the tramp of Count Harold's steeds;—  
“And who,” said the abbot, “so bold as knock,  
At our holy gates, with so rude a shock?  
I know but of *one*, on the broad Rhine's shore,  
Would strike with his brand at The Church's door!”

That morn had the Abbess of Nonnenworth rode,  
From the cloistered halls of her lone abode,  
To hold high counsel with prelate and priest,  
For sacred fast—and for solemn feast!  
For, bound in the spell of some hidden sorrow,  
The Lady Isabel seeks to-morrow,  
In The Church's bosom—and Convent's gloom,  
Aa orphan's home—and a maiden's tomb!

Ah me!—sad lesson for earthly pride,  
With beauty so rare and with lands so wide!  
And now at the altar she kneels, to ask  
Comfort—and strength for her heav'nly task;  
Rest—in a world of holier bliss,  
Pardon—for aught she hath erred in this;—  
When, hark! like the roar of the thunder shock,  
Rings a trumpet's blast—and Count Harold's knock!

“Ho! Monks of St. Goar! unbar your gates,  
For the weather is rude,—and Count Harold waits!  
He tells, you lead from her cloistered cell,  
Fair Nonnenworth's heiress,—young Isabel!  
And he bids ye all,—both prelate at priest,  
Both novice and nun—to a bridal feast!”  
“Ho! ho!” quoth old Rudolph, the greybeard reckoned,  
On gentler guests, when they forged “MY SECOND!”

## III.

There was marvellous odour of pasties and pies,  
That night in St. Goar's butteries!  
Flaggon and flask have been emptied and filled,  
Barrel and butt have been broached and spilled,  
And good old Rudolph his morion lost,  
In a huge mulled hogshead of sack and toast,—  
Never, I ween, for so godless a rout,  
Hath Holy Church drawn her spigotts out!

In a little chapel of sculptured stone,  
Where the rite was breathed, and the benison,  
Where evening stole with a softened spell,  
Count Harold is kneeling to Isabel!

"And oh!" he said, "if my sin be great,  
The priest can absolve,—and the church abate,  
And masses purchased at many a shrine,  
Shall pardon win for this deed of mine!"

"I could not rest on my couch by night,  
Since I won thy scarf at the tourney fight,—  
I could not rest in my halls by day,  
When I knelt at the altar, I could not pray;—  
But here I turn from my ways of wrath,  
And thou shalt teach me a Heav'nward path,  
And I'll hold both castle and lands in fee  
Of Holy Church—for the love of thee!"

Ye! who have known, in your heart's sweet prime,  
To cherish one feeling, that mocks all time,  
To win but *one* look, and yet still adore—  
To drink but *one* sigh—yet scarce ask for more,—  
Ye! who may tell what a young maid feels,  
When he she hath worshipp'd in secret, kneels,  
Who have solaced one ev'ning with love's sweet lore,—  
Say! ask ye aught of the rhymer more?

And Harold grew to an alter'd man,  
For the church can bless, as the church can ban,—  
And mass, and penence, and holy lay  
Have wash'd the stain of his youth away;  
Buckler and brand he hath laid aside,  
Seldom strays he from Isabel's side,—  
For thus, they say, doth it ever befall  
The wildest hearts, when they tempt "MY ALL."

## L'ENVOI!

Young bride!—when late *you* roamed along  
The magic scenes of my idle song,  
Say, did no words like Harold's fall  
From lips as bound in *thy* beauty's thrall?  
Change but this rhyming phrase of mine,  
Know'st thou no voice, but the pleasant Rhine,  
That whisper'd a tale, and that knew a spell,  
As sweet as my Harold's for Isabel?

Broke *He* not, too, a lance for thee,  
With the flow'r of our English chivalry?  
Laid he not down at thy command,  
The soldier's garb and the warrior's brand—  
Sits he not now by thy gentle side,  
In thine own proud halls, at eventide,  
Seeking no guerdon beneath the skies,  
Save a loving glance from those loveliest eyes?

Ah! me!—it was pleasant to minstrel eyes,  
To look on your heart's young extasies!  
To think amid sorrow, guilt and sin,  
There is *something* of heav'nlier origin,  
That lingers yet, in this world of ours,  
To tinge our landscapes,—to tint our flow'r's,—  
Oh! Love! if through *thee* we lost Eden's skies,  
Thou can'st still make the bleak earth—*Paradise!*

From Graham's Magazine for March.

## THE MAIDEN'S ADVENTURE.

## A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF VIRGINIA.

"Well Kate," said her bridesmaid, Lucy Cameron, "the clouds look very threatening, and you know it is said to be an unlucky omen for one's wedding night to be stormy."

"Pshaw, Lucy, would you frighten me with some old grandmother's tale, as if I were a child? I believe not in omens, and shall forget all unlucky presages, when the wife of Richard Gaston," answered the lovely and smiling bride.

"You treat it lightly, and I trust it may not be ominous of your conjugal life," resumed Lucy; "but my Aunt Kitty says that's the reason she never married; because it was raining in torrents the day she was to have been wedded, and she discarded her lover because it was unlucky."

"Ah, Lucy, I do not mean to doubt your good aunt's word; but there must have been some more serious cause

linked with the one you have mentioned. My life on it, I do not lose a husband for so slight a cause. It must be something more than a common occurrence, that shall now break off the match with Dick and myself. But see, the company are beginning to arrive," said Kate, as she looked from the window of her room, "and I must prepare for the ceremony."

The morning of the day of which we have spoken, had opened in unclouded splendor, and all seemed propitious to the nuptials that were to be solemnised in the evening. The inmates of the cabin in which the preceding conversation had been carried on, had arisen cheerfully with the first notes of the early robin, to prepare for the festival, to which the whole neighborhood, consisting of all within fifteen or twenty miles, (for neighborhoods were then large, and habitations scarce) were indiscriminately invited.

Kate Lee was the only child of her parents, and had been born and raised in the humble cottage which her father had assisted to construct with his own hands. Mr. Lee had moved to his present residence, when few ventured thus far into the Indian territory; and by his own labors, and that of his two servants, had erected a double cabin, and cleared about fifty-acres of land, upon a rich piece of high ground, a mile and a half from the James River. By his urbanity and kindness, he had gained the confidence of the Indians; and in all their depredations so far, he had gone unscathed. He was of good birth and education, and the most hospitable man in the settlement. The property which he held, and the style in which he lived, together with his superior knowledge, gave him a standing among the settlers superior to all. Ever ready to assist the needy, and always just in his opinions and actions, he was looked to for council, rather than treated as an equal.

As we said before, Kate was his only child, and had been the solace of her parents for nineteen years. She had now attained to full-blown womanhood, and, from her beauty and intelligence, her hand had been often asked, by the hardy sons of the pioneers. Her heart was untouched, until young Gaston laid siege to it. To his eloquent appeals she lent a willing ear, and promised to be his bride.

As Kate was the loveliest girl in the country, so was Richard Gaston the most to be envied among the youths. Of fine, manly stature, superior intellect, and unflagging energy, he was the best match in the settlement. He cultivated a little farm on the other side of the river, and when occasion offered, engaged in the practice of law, for which both education and nature fitted him. He had been in the settlement about seven years, and from his open and conciliatory manners, his bold and manly bearing, had become a favorite with all around him. He was always the first to take up his rifle, and sally against the hostile Indians, when necessity required it, and from his undoubted courage, was always chosen leader of the little bands, formed to repel the savage foe.

When the toils of the week had passed, Gaston might be seen, with his rifle on his shoulder, moving toward the river where his canoe was fastened, and springing lightly into it, dashing through the foaming waters, and among the rocks, as safely and cheerfully, as if passing over a smooth and glassy lake; and on the following evening, he might be seen again, braving the rushing current, with the same careless ease, but more thoughtful brow; for who ever yet parted from the girl of his heart, with the same joyful aspect, which he wore when going to meet her? Let us now return to the wedding day.

"Have you heard of the Indian that was found murdered on the bank of the creek this morning?" said a young man, after the company had assembled, to Mr. Lee.

"No," answered Mr. Lee, with surprise, "I had hoped from the long peace that has reigned, we should have no more such outrages against the poor Indians. But how is it possible, sir, if they are thus shot down, that we can expect them to be quiet?"

"The body," continued the first speaker, "was found by some of his tribe; and they immediately threatened vengeance if the murderers were not given up. But that is impossible; because we do not know them."



At this moment, a loud crash of thunder echoed through the woods, so suddenly as to make all start from their seats.

"Well, my friends," said Mr. Lee, as soon as all was again quiet, "we shall be as likely to suffer from this rashness as the offender, and must be prepared. I am glad you have brought your guns with you, for unless they come in too large a body we shall be able to hold out against them."

This was said with that calmness which a frequent recurrence of such circumstances will produce; and as he rehung his rifle, after preparing it for immediate use, the bride entered the room, in all the loveliness of graceful beauty. Few ornaments decked her person, because none could add to her natural grace and elegance. Her hair of jet black, was simply parted in front, drawn back, and fastened behind, displaying a forehead of marble whiteness; a wreath, mingling the wild rose with other forest flowers, was the only ornament on her head. Her neck and arms were perfectly bare, and seemed as if they, with her small fairy feet, and the rest of her figure, had been made in nature's most perfect mould.

The storm, which had before been heard but at a distance, seemed now to have attained its greatest violence, and to be concentrated over the house. Peal after peal of thunder, came ringing through the hollows, each succeeding one apparently louder and more crashing than the former. Flash upon flash, of the quick and vivid lightning, streamed out, resting awhile upon the surrounding scenery, and striking terror into the hearts of the more superstitious guests. The rain, which at first fell in large drops, that could be distinctly heard, amid the awful silence, save when the thunders echoed, now came down in torrents; and the thunder pealed out, louder, and louder, quicker and quicker, leaving scarcely intermission enough, for the voice of Richard Gaston to be heard by his beautiful bride. He had impatiently awaited the invitation of Mr. Lee to meet his daughter, but no longer able, amid the war of elements, to restrain himself, he advanced to, and seated himself by the side of his beloved Kate, and gently taking her hand in his, inquired if she was alarmed by the storm? To his enquiry, she only smiled, and shook her head.

"I see not then, why we may not proceed with the ceremony; the storm,"—here a keen and fearful crash, jarred the house to its foundation, leaving traces of fear on the countenance of all, but the lovers and the parson; Gaston continued, however, "the storm may last an hour, and that is longer, my Kate, than I would like to defer the consummation of my hopes."

"I am ready," answered Kate, blushing, and without raising her eyes.

They rose from their seats, and advanced to the parson, who immediately commenced the ceremony. It was impossible to tell, whether pleasure or fear predominated on the countenance of the guests, as they pressed forward, to witness the solemn ceremony of uniting two beings for life. In the intervals of the thunder, a faint smile would play upon their faces, but, as a rattling volley would strike their ears, their shrinking forms and bloodless lips, betrayed their terror. The tempest seemed for a moment to have held its breath, as if to witness the conclusion of the nuptials; but now as the parson concluded with, "salute your bride;" a peal of thunder keener, and more startling than any yet, struck such terror to their souls, that none, not even the parson, or Gaston himself, both of whom had been shocked, perceived that the chimney had fallen to the earth: until awakened to a sense of their situation, by the shrill war-hoop of the Indians, which now mingled in dreadful unison with the howling storm.

All thought of the storm vanished at once—defence against the savages seemed to be the first idea of all, as each man, with determined look, grasped his rifle, and gathered around the females.

The Indians, led on by their noted chief Eagle Eye, to avenge the death of their comrade, found in the morning, would perhaps have awaited the subsidence of the storm, had not the falling of the chimney displayed to them, the disorder and confusion within the cabin. Viewing it, as the most favorable time for an attack, they raised their dreaded

war-whoop, and sprung to the breach. That whoop, however, served but to nerve the hardy pioneers, and chase from their bosoms the fears, which the wars of nature alone created. Richard Gaston, from custom, assumed the command; and with that coolness and self-possession, which indicates undaunted bravery, proceeded to give such orders as the time would allow.

"Let the females," said he, "go above and lie upon the floor, and we, my brave boys, will show them what stout hearts and strong arms can do in defence of beauty. Six of you go in the next room, and see that the villains enter not, except over your dead bodies; the rest will remain, and defend this opening."

The reader must not suppose that all was still during this brief address. The Indians, whose numbers amounted to several hundred, had fired once, and not being able, on account of the rain, to load again, now attempted to enter over the ruins of the chimney, and through the windows.—The lights had been extinguished at the first yell, and all was dark, save when the flashes of lightning revealed to the few within, the fearful odds against them without. Several volleys had meanwhile been poured into the Indians, and a momentary flash revealed the effects. Many were lying dead or dying, forming a sort of breastwork at the breach. Becoming more infuriated, as those who had gone before, fell, under the constant fire of the whites, the savages, now, in a compact body, attempted an entrance; and the whites, still cool, as if danger threatened not, waited until they reached the very breach, and then every man, with his muzzle almost touching the Indians, discharged his piece. The savages wavered and then fell back, amid the shouts of the victorious yeomen.

The next flash of lightning discovered the Indians retreating to the woods, and dragging many of their dead with them. Another wild shout burst from the lips of the victorious whites. When all was again still, the voice of Mr. Lee was heard in thanksgiving, for their deliverance so far; and when he had concluded, he proposed a consultation upon the best means to be pursued, as it was certain the Indians had only retired to devise some other mode of attack. Some were for deserting their present situation, and flying to the woods for concealment; others, and the greater number, proposed remaining where they were, because the Indians had not certainly gone far, and if discovered, unprotected by the logs, they must fall an easy prey, to such superior numbers, while by remaining, they had some advantage, and a small chance to keep them off.

In the meantime, the females, the firing having ceased, had left their hiding-place, and now mingled with the warriors. It was soon determined to hold on to their present situation, and defend it to the last, should they be again attacked. The better to add to its security, several of the stoutest commenced raising a barrier at the opening, with the logs that had been thrown down; while others, barricaded the doors and windows. This being finished, they began an enquiry into the injury they had received; and found six of their number were killed.

The rain meanwhile had ceased, and the distant mutterings of the thunder could be only heard at intervals. All was silent in the cabin, awaiting the expected approach of the savages. Kate had approached Gaston when she first came into the room, and timidly asked if he was hurt—Having received a satisfactory answer, she had remained silently by his side, until all was prepared for action. Then, for a moment forgetting the dangers that surrounded him, Gaston yielded to the impulse of his heart, and drawing the lovely being, who was now his wedded wife, in all the ardor of passionate love, to his bosom, imprinted upon her ruby lips, the kiss of which he had been so suddenly deprived by the onset of the savages.

"My own Kate," said he, "if you find we are to be overcome, you must try and make your escape through the back door, and thence to the woods. Here is one of my pistols, take it, and if you are pursued, you know how to use it; shoot down the first foe who dares to lay a hand on you.—Make for the river, you know where my canoe is; the current is rapid and dangerous, but, if you can reach the other

bank you are safe. Farewell now, my own sweet love, and if I fall, may heaven shed its perfection over you."

Gaston was not a man to melt at every circumstance, but to be thus separated from his bride, perhaps never to meet again, brought a tear to his manly cheek. Love had for a moment unmanned his firm and noble heart; but it had past, and he was again a soldier; thinking only how best to defend, what he valued more than his life—his wife.

At this instant the whoop of the Indians was sounded to the assault. Each man sprang to his post. The whites had been equally divided, and a party stationed in each room.—The rooms were now simultaneously attacked by the foe; and with clubs and large stones, they endeavored to force the doors. The silence of death reigned within, while without all was tumult and confusion. The door at length yielded—one board and then another gave way, while yell upon yell rose at their success.

"Hold on boys, until I give the word," said Gaston, "and then stop your blows only with your lives."

The door and its whole support yielded, and in poured the savages like a whirlwind. "Fire now," cried Gaston, "and club your guns."

Almost as one report, sounded the guns of every one in the house—the yells and cries of the wounded and infuriated foe almost appalled the stoutest hearts; but this was no time to admit fear, if they felt it. The Indians were making every exertion to enter over the pile of dead bodies that blocked up the doorway; and the gun of each man within, clenched by the barrel, was lowered only to add another to the heap. For twenty minutes the fight had raged with unabated fury, and with unrelaxed exertions, when the moon, breaking forth in all her splendor, exhibited the combatants as plain as the light of mid-day. One Indian, stouter and bolder than the rest, had gained an entrance, and fixing his eyes on Gaston, as he saw him encouraging and directing the others to their work of death, he gave a loud yell, and sprang at him like the tiger on his prey. The quick eye and arm of Gaston were too rapid for him, and in an instant he lay dead from a blow of the young man's rifle.

But the strength of the brave little band began at length to fail. Their numbers had diminished more than half.—Before the enemy had, however, entered, it had been proposed and acceded to, as the only chance, that the females should attempt an escape from the back door, next the river, while the men should cover their retreat, as well as their diminished numbers would admit. Accordingly, an attempt was made, and an exit gained; the whole force of the Indians being collected at the front door, to overcome the stubborn resistance of the whites.

The little phalanx stood firm to its post, until they saw the women had sufficient start to reach the wood before they could be overtaken; and then, pressed by such superior numbers, they slowly fell back to the same door, and the few that survived, made a rush, and drew the door close after them. They had now given way, and nothing but superior speed could possibly save them. If overtaken before reaching the woods, they were inevitably lost—if they could gain them they might escape. The delay caused by the closing of the door was short, and the enemy were now scarcely fifteen yards in the rear. Fear moved the one party almost to the speed of lightning—thirst for revenge gave additional strength to the other. The Indian, fresher than his chase, gained upon them rapidly. As they heard the savages close upon them, every nerve was excited, every muscle strained to the utmost. For a short distance indeed they maintained the same space between them, but alas! the strength of the whites failed, and too many of them overtaken, fell beneath the club of the savages. Gaston, who was equal in activity to any of his pursuers, had soon gained the lead; and with the speed of an arrow, had increased the distance between him and the Indians.

He knew that his wife would make for the river, and in all probability, would be able to reach it; and it was his object to get there also, if possible, in time to assist her across the rocky and rapid current, or at least to see that she was safe beyond pursuit. The river was not far, and as he bounded down the rough hill sides, he could distinctly hear

the rolling of its waters, over the rocky bed. He took the nearest course to the landing, and the yells of the Indians, scattered in every direction through the woods, strained him to the greatest exertions. He reached the river—his canoe was there—his wife was not—despair overcame his soul.

"She must be taken, and I too will die," he exclaimed, in bitter agony.

At that moment, a light and bounding step, like that of a startled fawn, drew his attention to the top of the bank, and his wife, whom he had given up for lost—his darling Kate, bounded into his embrace. This was no time for love. He took but one embrace, and hurried her into his canoe, for the Indians were but a few yards behind. It was but the work of a moment, to cut loose the line that held his bark; but before he could spring into it, three stout Indians were close upon him.

"Shove off, Kate, and trust to fortune to reach the other shore," cried Gaston, distractedly, as he turned to engage the Indians, while his bride escaped. The devoted girl seemed doubtful whether to fly, or stay and die with her husband. Gaston seeing her hesitation, again called frantically to her to escape, before the Indians were upon them. She now attempted to push her boat off, but she had remained a minute too long—a brawny and athletic savage seized the boat and sprang into it, within a few feet of the alarmed maiden. She quickly retreated to the other end, and faced about, despair painted in every lineament of her face. The Indian involuntarily stopped to gaze upon the beautiful being before him. That pause was fatal to him. Kate's self-possession instantaneously returned, and as the savage sprang toward her she levelled her husband's pistol and fired. The bullet entered the savage's brain: he fell over the side of the boat, and disappeared beneath the bubbling waters; while instantly seizing the oar which had dropped from her hand on the her first alarm, Kate turned the bow of her boat in the direction of the opposite shore, and began to stem the rapid current.

During the few seconds that had thus elapsed, the canoe had shot below the place where her husband struggled with the remaining Indians; and she was now out of hearing of the combatants. Standing erect in the boat, her long hair hanging loosely on her uncovered neck, her white dress moving gently to the soft breeze, and her little bark avoiding the many rocks jutting their heads above the rushing waters, it gave to a beholder the idea of some fairy skiff, kept up, and guided by the superior power of its mistress. Steadily she moved on, until near the middle of the river, when she heard a splash, followed by a voice, some distance behind her. At first she thought it another Indian in pursuit, but soon the chilling thought was dispelled. Her own name, breathed in accents that had often thrilled her to the soul, was heard, sounding a thousand times more sweetly than ever on her ear. She quickly turned the head of her boat, and although she could not propel it against the stream, she kept it stationary, until Gaston, who had overcome his pursuers, reached it. His great exertions in the unequal struggle on the bank, his efforts to reach the boat, and the loss of blood from a deep cut on his arm, had left him so little of the powers of life, that he fainted a few moments after he had regained his wife. Kate knew the peril of permitting the boat to float with the current, and with all that courage and coolness, which woman possesses in times of danger, she did not stop to weep over him, but again seizing the oar, directed her bark to the opposite bank. Guided by the careful hand of love, how could the fragile skiff be lost, even amid the rushing whirlpools it had to pass. They safely reached the bank, and Gaston having returned to consciousness, supported by the arm of his wife, slowly wended his way to his farm.

Their anxiety, however, was, for some time, almost intolerable to learn the fate of their friends whom they had left on the other side of the river. Whether the Indians had triumphed completely, whether a successful stand had been made by any of those they pursued, or whether all had been alike murdered by the relentless savages, were unknown to Kate and Gaston, and filled their minds with uneasy fears. While, however, they were thus in doubt as to the fate of



their friends, a hurried footstep was heard approaching, and Mr. Lee, the next moment, was in his daughter's arms. With about half of his visitors, he had escaped, and, in a few days, rallying around them their remaining border neighbors, they succeeded, finally, in driving the hostile savages from their vicinity.

If any one will visit the hospitable mansion of the present proprietor of the estate, which has descended from our Kate, they may hear her story with increased interest, from the lips of some of her fair descendants; and upon taking a view of the place, where she crossed amid such perils, they will not be surprised to learn that the circumstance should have given to it the name of the "MAIDEN'S ADVENTURE."

### THE VOLUNTEER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

At this time, when so many people are talking about War, the following humorous affair of Hood's is not malapropos. It was originally published in 1827, in a volume entitled "Death's Doings."

"'Twas in that memorable year  
France threaten'd to put off in  
Flat-bottom'd boats, intending each  
To be a British coffin,—  
To make sad widows of our wives,  
And every babe an orphan.

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,  
And heads were dredged with flour,—  
I listed in the Tailor's Corps  
Against the battle hour;  
A perfect volunteer,—for why?  
I brought my 'will and power.'

One dreary day, a day of dread,  
Like Cato's, overcast,—  
About the hour of six (the morn  
And I were breaking fast,)—  
There came a loud and sudden sound  
That struck me all aghast!

A dismal sort of morning roll  
That was not to be eaten;  
Although it was no skin of mine,  
But parchment that was beaten,  
I felt tatooed through all my flesh  
Like any Otaheitan.

My jaws with utter dread enclosed  
The morsel I was munching,  
And terror locked them up so tight,  
My very teeth went crunching  
All through my bread and tongue at once,  
Like Sandwich made at lunching.

My hand that held the teapot fast,  
Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,  
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er,  
The cup in one long eddy,  
Till both my hose were mark'd with tea,  
As they were mark'd already.

I felt my visage turn from red  
To white—from cold to hot,  
But it was nothing wonderful  
My color changed, I wot,  
For, like some variable silks,  
I felt that I was shot.

And looking forth with anxious eye  
From my snug upper story,  
I saw our melancholy corps  
Going to beds all gory;  
The pioneers seemed very loath  
To axe the way to glory.

The captain march'd as mourners march,  
The ensign too seem'd lagging,

And many more, although they were  
No ensigns, took to flagging;  
Like corpses in the Serpentine,  
Methought they wanted dragging.

But while I watch'd, the thought of Death  
Came like a chilly gust,  
And lo! I shut the window down,  
With very little lust  
To join so many marching men  
That soon might be March dust.

Quoth I, 'Since fate ordains it so,  
Our coast the foe must land one;'  
I felt warm beside the fire  
I care not to abandon;  
And homes and hearths are always things  
That patriots make a stand on.

'The fools that fight abroad for home,'  
Thought I, 'may get a wrong one;  
Let those who have no homes at all  
Go battle for a long one.'  
The mirror here confirmed me this  
Reflection by a strong one.

For there, where I was wont to shave  
And deck me like Adonis,  
There stood the leader of our foes,  
With vultures for his cronies,  
No Corsican, but Death himself,  
The Bony of all bonies.

A horrid sight it was, and sad,  
To see the grisly chap  
Put on my crimson livery,  
And then begin to clap  
My helmet on—Ah, me! it felt  
Like any felon's cap!

My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,  
An undertaker's crest;  
My epaulettes like coffin plates;  
My belt so heavy press'd,  
Four pipe-clay cross-roads seem'd to lie  
At once upon my breast.

My brazen breast-plate only lack'd  
A little heap of salt  
To make me like a corpse full dress'd,  
Preparing for the vault,  
To set up what the poets call  
My everlasting halt.

This funeral show inclined me quite  
To peace:—and here I am!  
Whilst better lions go to war,  
Enjoying with the lamb  
A lengthen'd life, that might have been  
A martial epigram."

A WIFE.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion that he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint or play, and sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and judge, discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description occasionally figures in the drawing-room, and attracts the admiration of company; but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to "train up a child in the way he should go."

The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases, the latter when he can get it.

One had as good go to law without a witness, as break a jest without laughter on one's side.

Time runs on, and when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady who had never entertained a thought into which an admirer did not enter, finds in herself a lamentable void.

## SQUIRE FETLOCK.

## HORSES VERSUS BOOKS.

At the end of a hard day's hunting, Mr. S——, a friend of mine, invited one of his sporting neighbors, Squire Fetlock, to dine with him. Excepting that both were keen sportsmen, would ride you thirty miles to cover and then begin the day's work, and take a ten foot wall, if it stood in their way, as soon as a quickset hedge, there was not one point of congeniality between them. My friend was a man of elegant learning and refined taste: his neighbor was as coarse as one of his own hop-sacks, and as illiterate as his horse.—But fox-hunting, like misery, sometimes brings one acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

We were summoned to coffee in the library. Fetlock looked around him with an air of astonishment. At length he exclaimed—"Well, if ever I did see——! Dash me! Why, mister——! May I never get across old Hannibal again if ever I did see such a lump of books in my life!—Have you read any of them?"

"I can venture to say, Sir, there is not a volume on my shelves which I have not read."

"All!! Uph! Hold her head in, or she'll be off with you. Come, come, not *all*."

"I don't imagine you doubt the truth of what I say, the less so considering there is nothing very extraordinary in what I have asserted."

"No, I don't mean to say there is anything extraordinary in it—Uph!—but it's 'nation curious though, notwithstanding; and dash me if I shouldn't like to have the showing of you at a fair. Folks would give a trifle to have a peep at the man that has read all them books!" And then he again surveyed the shelves with an air of wonder and incredulity.

"I presume then, Sir, you yourself are no great reader?"

"I read! No, thank'ee, I'm not such a fool. I never looked into but one book in my life, and that was so full of blunders and nonsense that I chucked it into the fire. Besides, of what good would reading be to me, when I have it all by experience? Haven't I been at it since I was a child? I know a horse inside and out. I tell you what; I'll give the best mare in my stud, and that's Rosemary, to any farrier in this county, ay, and the next to boot, that can tell me what I don't know; so why need I read their books about the matter? It may be all very well for your ignoramuses, and it is for such like they are made; but as to giving me 'Every Man his own Farrier' to spell over—Lord bless you!"

"But there are other subjects than——"

"I know it: there is What-do-you-call-him 'On the Diseases of Horses,' and another chap with a book about brood mares, and——But it is downright nonsense; and mark what I tell you, Sir: we had some thorough good ones out with us to-day, and you were not one of the worst!—I say, how cleverly young Foster took that leap at the corner of Salter's paddock!—but that little mare of his will go at anything—and if you are as good a hand in the stable as you are in the field, you don't want much learning, that I can tell you; so do as I did: chuck all your books into the fire: an hour in the stable is worth a month in the library. And yet, books are well enough in their way: the glitter on them makes a room look smart and handsome, doesn't it, Miss?" This question he addressed to one of the young ladies, who, while she was pretending to read, was, in reality, exerting all her ingenuity to suppress a laugh at his extraordinary opinions of the value and utility of literature. He continued: "You remember the little nook, exactly opposite the window in our breakfast-parlor, where I keep my best plated gig-harness, don't you, Sir? Now I think that as pretty an ornament to a room as need be, and wouldn't disgrace the King's palace; but my good lady thinks otherwise, and says that a few books would be more becoming in an apartment occupied by human beings; so when I can meet with a few, cheap and clean, I'll humor her fancy. The fair sex must be humored now and then, mustn't they, Miss?" And, simultaneously with the utterance of this gallant remark, he threw himself into the attitude of a man on horseback, preparing to take a five-bar gate, which he intended for a bow.

"There will be a sale of books at C——y, on Tuesday next," said my friend, "and I dare say you will be able to

suit yourself advantageously. I shall attend it, as there is one work in the collection which I have long been anxious to possess, and I intend to purchase it."

"Then, dash me! but I'll go there!" exclaimed Fetlock.

It must be remembered that the work in question was a very fine copy of Stuart's "Athens," with early impressions of the plates, and splendidly bound.

The conversation next turned upon the theatre.

"Are you fond of the theatre, Mr. Fetlock?"

"Why, yes; I can't say but I like a good play, and whenever I go to Lunnun I make a point of going, once and away—that's to say if it happens to be something of Shakspeare's. I went the last time I was up, and saw 'Guy Mannering.'"

"But 'Guy Mannering' is not a play of Shakspeare's."

"An't it? come, what will you bet of that? I saw 'Macbeth' at the other house the very night before, and there are lots of sawneys in both; that's all I can tell you." And he gave a knowing wink, which literally translated, meant, "Parry that if you can."

"Here is a novel of the same name, upon which the play you saw is founded," said Mr. S——, reaching down the first volume of "Guy Mannering," and putting it into Fetlock's hand; "it is written by Sir Walter Scott."

"Scott?—O—ay Scott, the chap the King made a knight of. Well, if that wasn't turning the world topsy-turvy, dash me! Bettleing a man for fooling away his time at such work as this! just what any of us might do if we hadn't something better to think of, and chose to set our wits at it! Now, my notion is——" Here, while thumbing over the leaves with a look of profound contempt, his attention was suddenly attracted by something at the commencement of the volume. He brought it nearer to his eyes, then held it at a greater distance, next took it to the light, then again looked closely at it, as if doubtful whether the passage that struck him was there or not.

"Why, now, dash me!—Well, that is true! Now, where could he have picked that up? Dash me if I don't think there is something in *this* chap after all."

"What is it, Sir?"

"You may always tell a gentleman by his horse!" (His attention was caught by this remark of Mrs. M'Candlish to the postilion.) "Come, now, that is true, dash me if it isn't. Now, there's a saying for you, sound wind and limb, and without a blemish. If all the book was like that——"

"If you like to read it, you may take it home with you; and when you have finished that volume, the next will be at your service."

"Read it?—Why—read it!—and yet I've a great mind to it, too: I see at once he is no common chap: that is a clever saying, but as to reading—why—and yet—Come, I've given her her head, and won't baulk her; she shall take it now, rough or smooth, let what may be on the other side. I *will* read it, dash me if I don't." So saying, he thrust, or rather dug the book into his pocket, with the desperate recklessness of consequences of one who felt that another moment's reflection would deter him altogether from so rash an undertaking.

On the day of the sale, I accompanied my friend to C——y, whither he went with the intention of purchasing Stuart's "Athens." We took our stand immediately opposite to the auctioneer. The books were selling, as he truly said, "dog cheap;" and, judging by the appearance of the persons present, who did not seem of a quality either to appreciate or desire so *récherché* a work, we expected to get it at a very moderate price. At length it was put up; and, after a preparatory flourish from the auctioneer, he, as is usual in such cases, declared himself confident that he was very much within the mark in valuing it at—what certainly was an outrageous price; and, as is also usual in such cases, a dead silence ensued.

"Well, then, shall I say forty guineas for this splendid

\* The ignorance of Squire Fetlock upon so obscure a point, will the more readily be pardoned, when I mention that a certain *éminent* banker, who was anxious to be considered as in the foremost rank amongst the admirers of the drama, and actually passed a good half of his evening hours at the theatre, once said to me—"You'll think me a very stupid fellow for asking, but one can't remember every thing: is 'Venice Preserved' one of Shakspeare's?—or whose?"



work?—Twenty?—Ten?—Consider, gentlemen, this most magnificent——” And, after having exhausted all the flowers of auction-room oratory in its praise, he added, with a sigh which seemed to come from the very bottom of his pulpit, “Well, then, shall I say six?” Here was a pause which, to us, was highly gratifying. “Five,” said Mr. S.

“Five guineas only are bid.—Six! Thank you, Sir.”

“Seven,” continued my friend.

“Seven,” responded the auctioneer; “Eight! Thank you, Sir.”

Mr. S—— went on in this way, guinea by guinea, till having bid thirteen, and the auctioneer still thanking some viewless antagonist, for we heard no one make the biddings, no did we see anybody nod) for an additional guinea, he inquired whether there was any order to buy the lot in at a certain price, as, if so, it would save time to declare it at once. Being assured that it was a sale without reserve, he was led on in the same manner to twenty-three guineas, (at which point he determined to stop), where he was met as before.—“Twenty-three guineas are bid. Twenty-four. Thank you sir. Twenty-four; going for twenty-four. Gone! ‘Stuart’s Athens,’” turning to his clerk, “for twenty-four guineas, to Squire Fetlock.”

We turned round, and, to our astonishment, behind us there stood the identical and unquestionable Squire!

“My dear sir, is it possible you have purchased ‘Stuart’s Athens?’” besides, didn’t you perceive that I was bidding for that lot?”

“To be sure I did, and that’s why I never lost the scent for a moment. I know nothing about goods of this kind, and as you are a clever hand at them, I was certain I could not be very wide of the field, by keeping a guinea a-head of you.”

“But you have purchased, at an extravagant price, a work which will be utterly useless to you, whilst to me——”

“Useless to me? Not such a fool neither. I don’t often buy a pig in a poke, My good lady came to look at them yesterday, and they are the very thing for the nook in the breakfast parlor.”

“But I assure you they are upon a subject about which you are indifferent. Let me have them, and I’ll fill your nook with books which shall be equally valuable, and much more entertaining to you.”

“Entertaining! Why, Lord love you, you don’t suppose I should ever think of reading those big devils—why, they are as big again as the church Bible; besides——”

“For that very reason: and by making the exchange you will oblige me, and in no way be a loser yourself.”

“Why now, look; this is the first time in my life I ever bought books: if they are worth your money, they must be worth mine; so, at any rate, I haven’t made a gaby of myself, as I might have done if you hadn’t been here. As to changing them for a pack of your little hop-o’-my-thumbs, no bigger than the one you lent me t’other night—I suppose I should ask you to let me have the mare, you rode o’ Thursday—and a clever mare she is, and worth a hundred and thirty if she’s worth a pound: I say, suppose I should say to you, ‘Let me have that mare, Mr. S——, and I’ll give you half a score nice ponies for her.’ Why, setting the value out of the question, the thing wouldn’t be reasonable, you know. No, no! pray excuse me; besides, I promised my madam to humor her fancy; and, do the thing handsomely or let it alone, is my motto.” As the concluding part of this speech was delivered in somewhat of an angry tone, the attempt at negotiation was abandoned; and, for any thing I know to the contrary, to this day the splendid gilt backs of “Stuart’s Athens” constitute the chief ornament of Squire Fetlock’s breakfast-parlor.

And here I should take leave of this worthy, but for a point which recalled him to my recollection.

Upon this occasion, as upon some others, subsequently he was asked how he liked “Guy Mannering,” and whether he had yet done with the first volume; and, indeed, some astonishment had been expressed by the family, at Squire Fetlock’s detaining it so long—for several weeks, I believe.

“And how do you like ‘Guy Mannering,’ Sir?”

“O, a charming book, Sir; a charming book, indeed. ‘You may always tell a gentleman by his horse.’ It is a

charming book. I never fail to take a light canter over it every evening after tea.”

“Then, by this time, you must want the second volume.”

“No, thankee; you are very kind; but the one I have will do very well for me.”

“How! I don’t clearly understand you.”

“Why, Mr. S——, I don’t know whether it may be the same thing with you, but I’ll tell you how it is: you see, I sit down and read five or six leaves at night, and the next morning it is all clean out of my head; so that when I go to it again the reading is all fresh, and just the same as new to me; therefore, unless you want the book, it will do as well for me as any other.”

**FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.**—Velvet is at this moment the favorite material in the fashionable world, whether for bonnets, paletots, or dresses; of the latter many are made with bias, or have lace flounces and mantillas on the bodies; watered silks and satins, veloutes, are also trimmed with black lace; redingotes have two rows of buttons down the front; the velvet bodies are again worn this season, in black, green, or violet, with muslin skirts embroidered, or with three flounces of lace, as also with crape skirts, having three folds of velvet the corsage.

There is no change in the make of dresses; the small short sleeves are much ornamented, and lace is much used; it is considered the long tight sleeve is already losing favor; the newest form now making in Paris is tight from the wrist to the elbow, and then gradually enlarges at the shoulder. For evening dress, white blue Jomville and rose de Corinthe, are in favor. Scarfs of tarlante, embroidered and trimmed with lace, are in much demand, and for young ladies scarfs are made of plain tarlatine, lined with gauze, and trimmed with a fringe of pink and white. Long gloves are finished at the top with wreaths of gold foilage, cords of silver or gold feather fringe, lace coques of ribbons, &c., &c.

The hair continues to be dressed low, bandeaux are very generally worn, plaits being rather out of favor,—ringlets are fashionable; flowers are much used in coiffures—the newest are the diamanties, having dew drops sparkling like diamonds, some covered with snow, frost, &c.; and the coiffure seraphique composed of a louleau of marabouts placed at the back or the head, enlarging and terminating on each side near the cheeks, with deep fringes plaited at the ends, and floating on the shoulders. Turbans, rosille hats, petits bords, all are now in demand. Bonnets of black velvet have been lined with pink velours epingle, with a pink ruche round the interior edge.

Velours epingle of citron, white and green, &c., is much used; one novelty is the introduction of buttons to ornament bonnets, three small buttons confine the ends at the side; other trimmings are roses, pompons, curled feathers, cactuses, and wreaths of moss, united by ribbon; another novelty is the bonnet of pluche bouclee ornamented with coques of the same on one side, and a berthe of much smaller coques encircling the face. Many bonnets are now made of one piece of silk, without the usual join of the front and crown, which is advantageous for the trimmings.—[Ladies’ Magazine of Fashion.

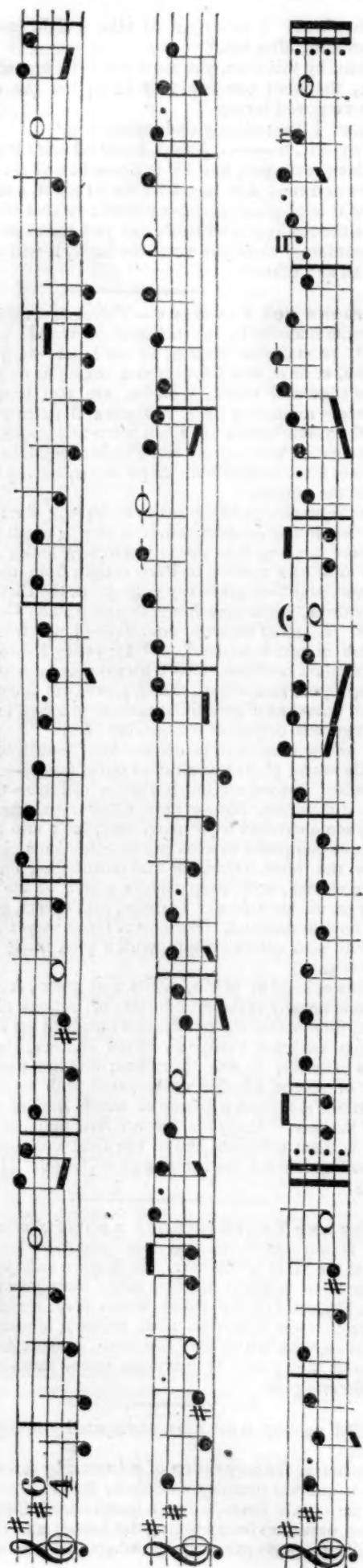
**BYRON AND DANTE.**—There is a sort of similarity in the fate of Dante and Byron that must have more than once occurred to the latter while here. Both were unhappy in their domestic lives, however different might have been the causes, and the character of the ladies whom they wedded. Both exiles from their countries, and, writhing under a sense of the injustice with which they had been treated, both sought and found that peace at Ravenna denied them at home.—*Lady Blessington.*

A titled nobility is the most undisputed progeny of feudal barbarism.

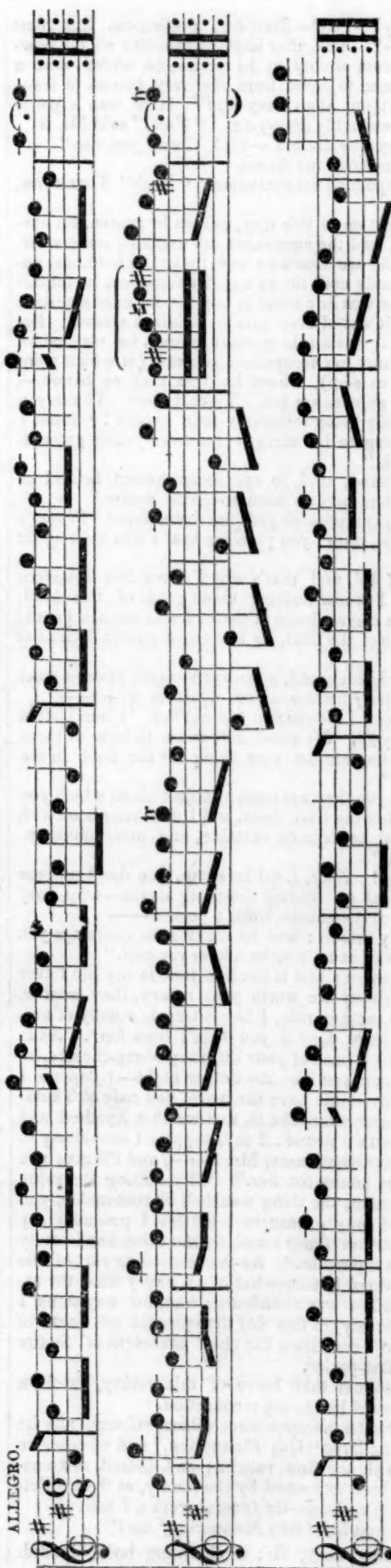
To endeavor the conversion of a heretic by force is as absurd as to attempt storming a castle by logic.

A wise man’s heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coals (his passions) from burning the house; and good deeds in this life are coals raked up in embers, to make a fire next day.

The Star Spangled Banner,  
FOR THE FLUTE.



JONATHAN'S GALLOPADE.



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Reported, Drawn and Engraved for the Dollar Magazine.



**WILLIAM SAXBURY.**

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